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No. 222 April '81

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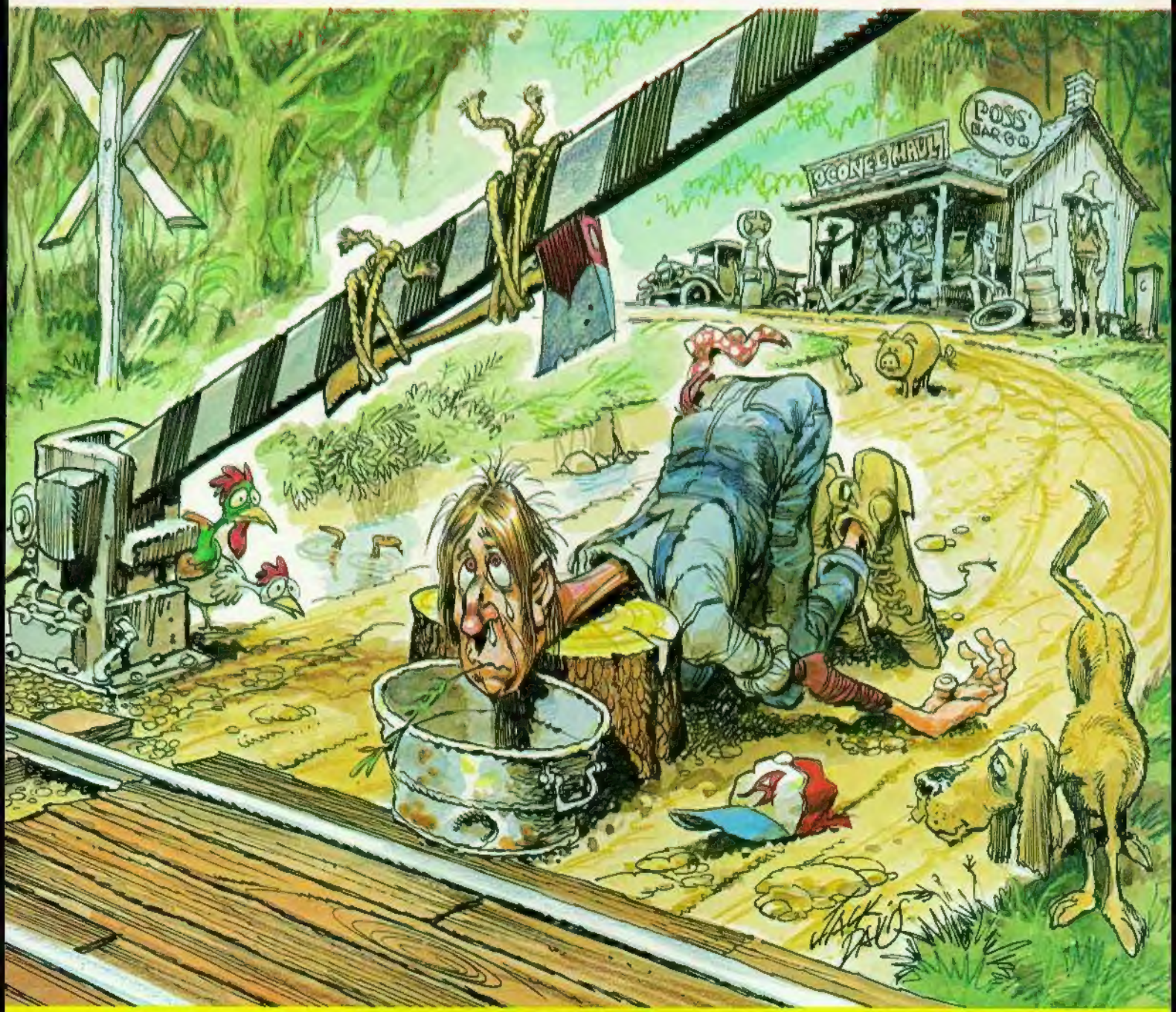

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NUMBER 222 APRIL 1981

MAD

"Ever notice that "doing their thing" seems to be an obsession with people who don't seem to have a thing to do?"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* **ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN** *editor*
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GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD (ISSN 0024 9319) is published monthly except February, May, August and November by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscription in U.S.A.: 12 issues $10.75. Outside U.S.A.: 12 issues $12.00. Entire contents copyright © 1981 by E.C. Publications, Inc. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective, and include mailing label when making change of address or inquiring about your subscription. POSTMASTER: send address changes to MAD, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

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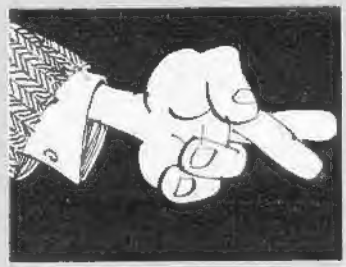

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LETTERS DEPT.

"QUEEZY"

"Queezy" was sharp and to the point. Torres and Silverstone are a couple of cutups!

Mark Eisenberg
Brooklyn, NY

I think your spin-off on Quincy called "Queezy" was PEWY! I thought I was reading the Journal of the American Medical Association!

Jack Klugman
Universal City, CA

From Jack Klugman's Deadpan Look, You Know He Won't "Die Laughing" Reading MAD's Autopsy On Quincy.

FINALLY OUT?!?

Yep, MAD must finally be out of those ridiculous Alfred E. Neuman posters because you didn't put a ridiculous, postage-sized ad in issue #220!

Gary Heller
New York, NY

No such luck this issue!—Ed.

NOW...AT A LOSS!

Yep, we are not at a loss as to what kind of headline we can come up with to trick you into reading this little ad offering full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid—suitable for framing or wrapping fish or lining bird cages or whatever—and get you to quickly mail 50¢ for one, $1.05 for 3, $2.15 for 9, $4.35 for 27 or $8.75 for 81 to: MAD 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022. (Well whaddaya know, we did it again!)

CHEAP PLUG

Wanted to let you know that some clods in Massachusetts are publishing a 16-page newsletter all about MAD and the folks who make it! Now anyone can find out who the "usual gang of idiots" really are! (ECCCH!) For info, they need only send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

Ron Labbe
MAD Freaks USA
16 University Rd.
Brookline, MA 02146

Big deal!—Ed.

"HOGG"-WILD

It has come to my attention here in Hazzard County that you have maligned Sheriff Rosco, Cletus, Enos, Cooter and me (not to mention them Dukes) in that idiotic publication of yours, accurately called MAD Magazine.

You accuse me of being a crook and a cheat. Well, you all better look to yourselves and see who's calling the kettle black. You charge people 75¢ for your yellow rag, MAD, and what do they get? Trash!

Ah showed your rotten cartoons about us all to some of the other folks here in Hazzard and they didn't like it a dang bit as you can see by the enclosed photygraph. If you have any guts at all, you'll print this li'l tintype so's everybody'll know there are people out here who don't take kindly to being insulted. Matter of fact, you won't think it's so funny when you hear from my lawyers!

Now don't go misunderstandin' me. What you done to the Puke . . . ah, Duke boys was real good. Fine writin', fine writin'! But the way you portrayed mah honest and miserable self, well, 'bout that I'm as sore as a treed wildcat! You done your best to sell me up the river, now you gonna pay! You're gonna have to charge double for that rag of yours just so's to pay me off! (Ah's sure we can work somethin' out. Ah just love these little franchises!)

Jefferson Davis "Boss" Hogg
(Sorrell Booke)
Hazzard County, USA

"THE EMPIRE STRIKES OUT"

I think that special Oscars should be awarded to Mort Drucker and Dick DeBartolo—the George Bernard Shaw and Leonardo DiVinci of comic satire. Their sequel to my sequel was sheer galactic madness. I especially enjoyed their facility in getting Han Solo out of Carbon freeze in time to pilot the Millennium to freedom. Does this mean that I can skip Episode VI? Keep up the good Farce!

George W. Lucas
San Anselmo, CA

Your defrosting of Ham wasn't kosher.

Daniel Millstone
Austin, TX

Another freezer-to-oven-to-table job, huh?

Ken Renning
Buffalo, NY

For showing Harrison Ford with Carrie Fisher on page 11, you'll probably get more letters than Gov. Reagan got votes!

Sgt. Bennett S. Turk
Newburgh, NY

Was it really George Lucas I saw in a snowball fight on the first page of "The Empire Strikes Out"? Who threw the snowball? Gene Roddenberry . . . ?

Beaver Tompkins
Philadelphia, PA

Are you *already* suggesting that Gov. Reagan's election was a mistake?!?—Ed.

LIFE SPANS

In Frank Jacobs' "Really Important and Relevant Life Spans" he forgot one: the Life Span of a MAD Magazine in a classroom is 5-15 minutes.

Tony Burkett
Fremont, OH

. . . the Life Span of a student after eating a school lunch is 1 hour 22 minutes!

Steve Teil
Dallas, TX

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Sorrell Booke And The Cast Of "The Dukes Of Hazzard" Have Mixed Reactions Over Seeing Themselves In Our Recent MAD TV Show Satire.

A DOUBLE BARREL OF LAUGHS

FROM THE BULLISTIC EXPERTS OF MAD MAGAZINE

FIRST, AN ALL-NEW "SHOT" BY SERGIO ARAGONES . . . UP TO HIS USUAL "CALIBRE"!

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- ☐ History Gone **MAD**
- ☐ The **MAD** Worry Book
- ☐ **MAD** Stew
- ☐ The Sound of **MAD**
- ☐ Edwing's **MAD** Bizarre Bazaar
- ☐ **MAD's** Turned on Zoo
- ☐ Clod's Letters to **MAD**

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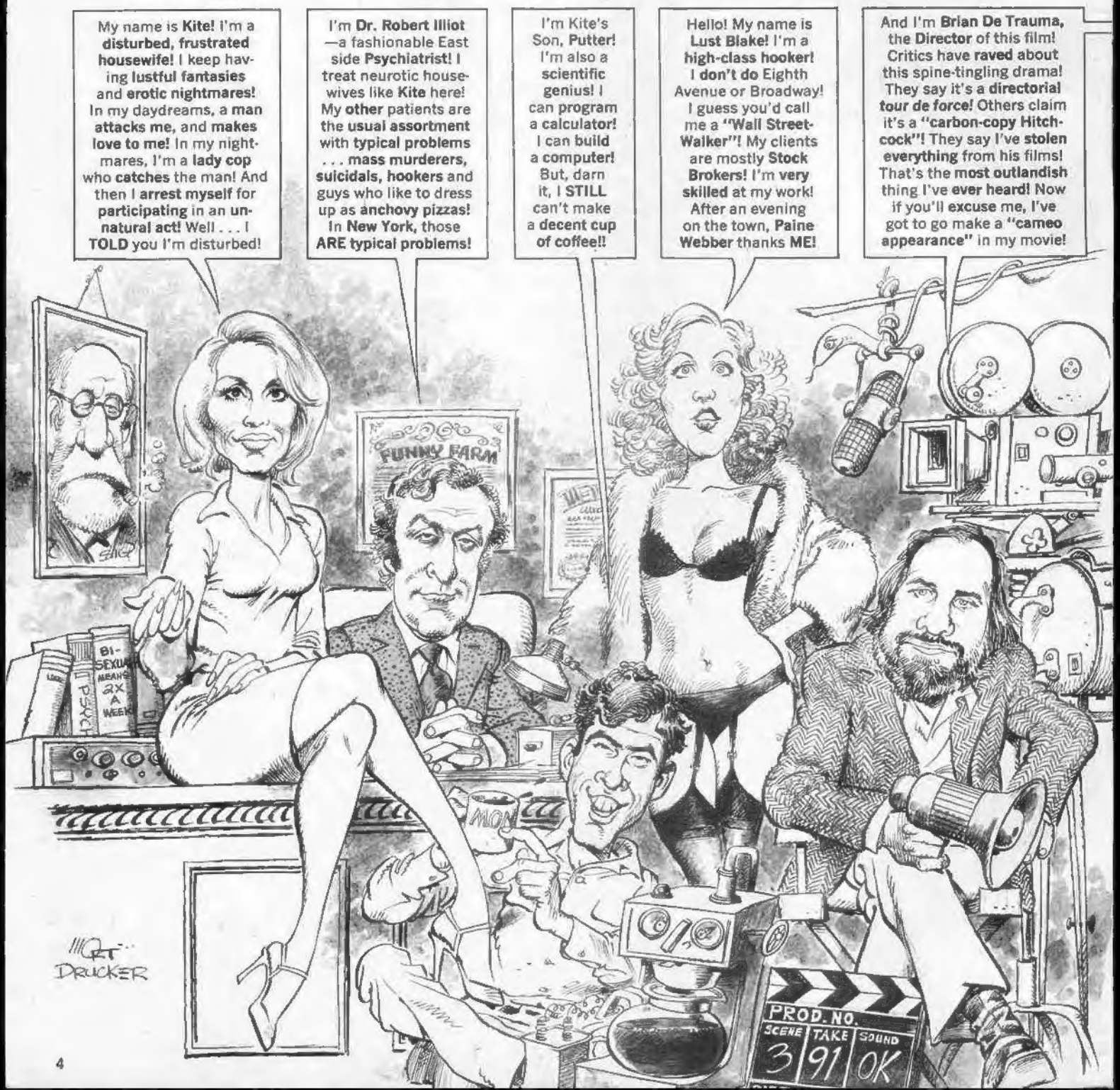
IT'S A DRAG! DEPT.

There's a popular movie around these days that's rated "R". . . and it deserves the rating! Not just for its violence, sex and nudity, of which it's got plenty! This picture deserves an "R" for "RIP-OFF"! You'll see what we mean when you read our version of

UNDRES


My name is Kite! I'm a disturbed, frustrated housewife! I keep having lustful fantasies and erotic nightmares! In my daydreams, a man attacks me, and makes love to me! In my nightmares, I'm a lady cop who catches the man! And then I arrest myself for participating in an unnatural act! Well . . . I TOLD you I'm disturbed!
I'm Dr. Robert Illiot —a fashionable East side Psychiatrist! I treat neurotic housewives like Kite here! My other patients are the usual assortment with typical problems . . . mass murderers, suicidals, hookers and guys who like to dress up as anchovy pizzas! In New York, those ARE typical problems!
I'm Kite's Son, Putter! I'm also a scientific genius! I can program a calculator! I can build a computer! But, darn it, I STILL can't make a decent cup of coffee!!
Hello! My name is Lust Blake! I'm a high-class hooker! I don't do Eighth Avenue or Broadway! I guess you'd call me a "Wall Street-Walker"! My clients are mostly Stock Brokers! I'm very skilled at my work! After an evening on the town, Paine Webber thanks ME!
And I'm Brian De Trauma, the Director of this film! Critics have raved about this spine-tingling drama! They say it's a directorial tour de force! Others claim it's a "carbon-copy Hitchcock"! They say I've stolen everything from his films! That's the most outlandish thing I've ever heard! Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to go make a "cameo appearance" in my movie!
FUNNY FARM
PSYCH
PROD. NO.
SCENE 3
TAKE 91
SOUND OK
DRUCKER

SED TO KILL

Now, my foray into **erotic terror** is about to **begin**, so let me **guide** you through the **opening scenes!** I **start** with what I think is a **fresh new approach** in horror-suspense films . . . a **"Woman Taking A Shower" scene!**

To **tantalize** the **audience**, I've made the opening moments **quite sensuous!** The **soap** she's using may be **99 and 44/100% pure** . . . but the **scene** sure'n heck ain't!

The **audience** is now on the edge of its seats, **wondering** . . . **Is it really happening?** Or is it **really a dream?** But **mainly**, is it **really Angie Dickenson's naked body** we're seeing in the shower?

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

AAEEEK-ARGH

YOU!! What are **YOU** doing in my fantasy?!

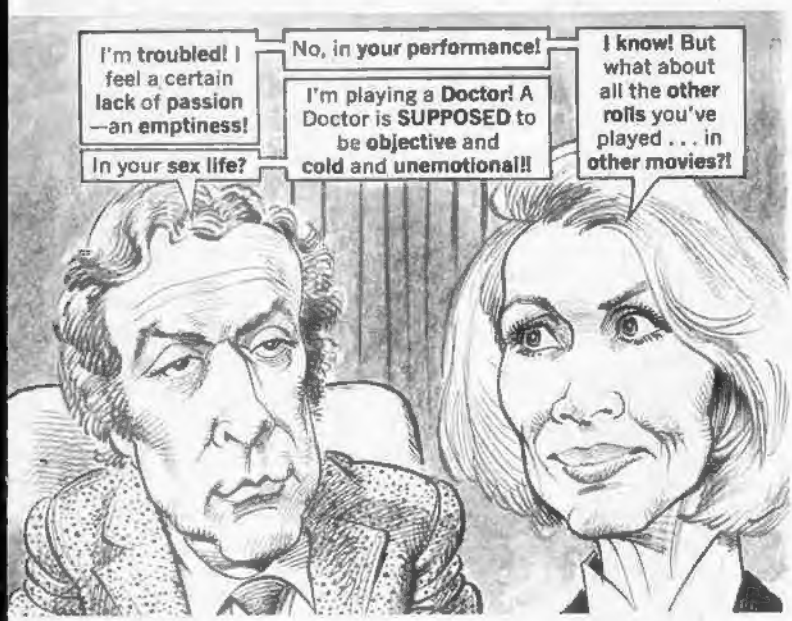
I told you I'd make a cameo appearance in my film!!

But **HERE?!** One thing that **Alfred Hitchcock** had was **GOOD TASTE!**

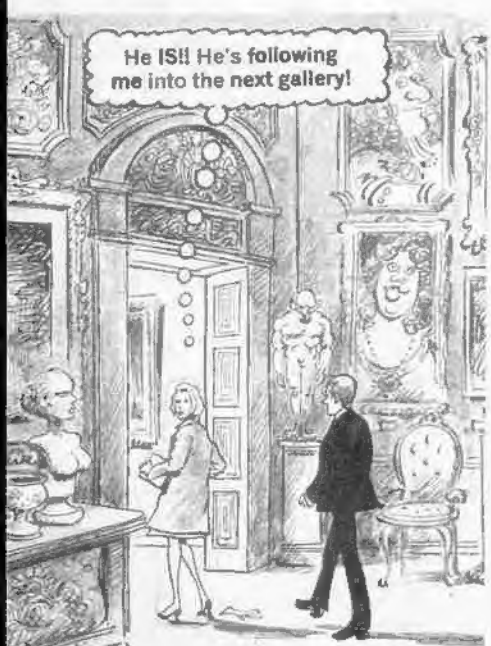
This **IS** good taste! A cameo appearance by **Burt Bachrach** in this scene would be in bad taste!!

Well, Putter, I'm off to an afternoon of psychotherapy, museum-hopping and God-knows-what-else! Want to come along?
I can't, Mom! I'm busy with my Science Project!
What's my Junior Einstein building this time?
A "Time Machine"!
You mean . . . you want to go back in time hundreds of years?
Nahh! I just wanna go back TEN MINUTES . . . to see whoever it was playing you take that shower again!

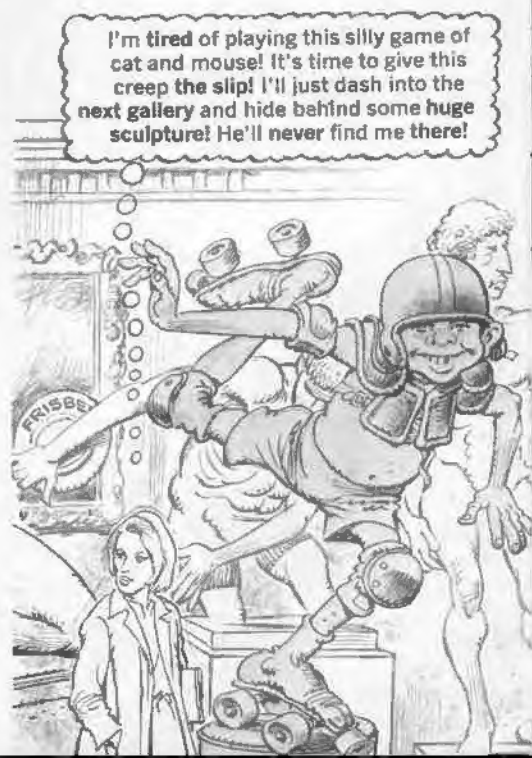
What's been happening since our last session, KITE?
The same thing, Dr. Illiot! I'm consumed with lustful erotic fantasies . . . eighteen hours a day!!
And you'd like them to stop, right?
Hell, NO!! I want them 24 HOURS a day! Fantasy I can face!! REALITY I can't!


I'm troubled! I feel a certain lack of passion —an emptiness!
In your sex life?
No, in your performance!
I'm playing a Doctor! A Doctor is SUPPOSED to be objective and cold and unemotional!!
I know! But what about all the other rolls you've played . . . in other movies?!

That's odd! The museum is empty, and yet this handsome stranger chose to sit down here . . . right next to me!!!
It would be very crass and rude and obvious of him to attempt to pick me up!!!
I hope, I hope, I hope, I hope, I hope!

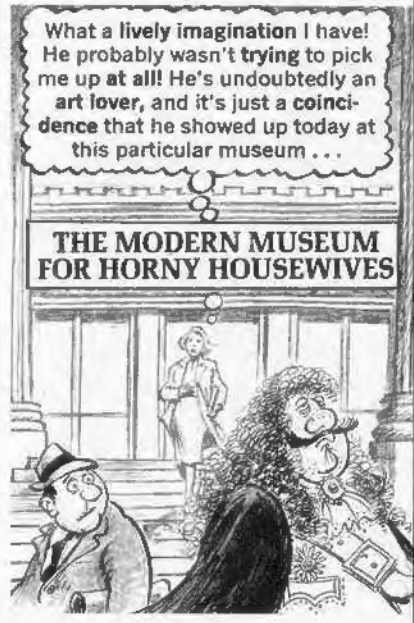

He IS!! He's following me into the next gallery!

Now it's MY turn to follow HIM!! Movie audiences are tired of car chases, anyway! We've found a whole NEW way to put them to sleep . . . a MUSEUM CHASE!! Ooops!! I think I lost him!!


I'm tired of playing this silly game of cat and mouse! It's time to give this creep the slip! I'll just dash into the next gallery and hide behind some huge sculpture! He'll never find me there!
FRISBEE

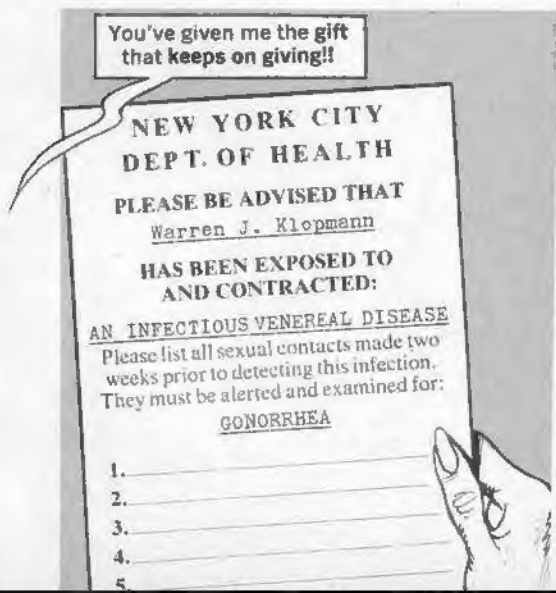
Hmmm! He's **nowhere** to be **found!** Well, it was just a silly, wordless encounter with a mysterious stranger! I don't care if I **never see him again!** It's not as though I were **desperate** . . .

Sorry, Lady! People have turned in some **wallets,** a **purse** and an **umbrella!** But **nobody's** brought in a **"mysterious stranger"** . . .!
Gee . . . too bad! Thanks anyway!
LOST AND FOUND

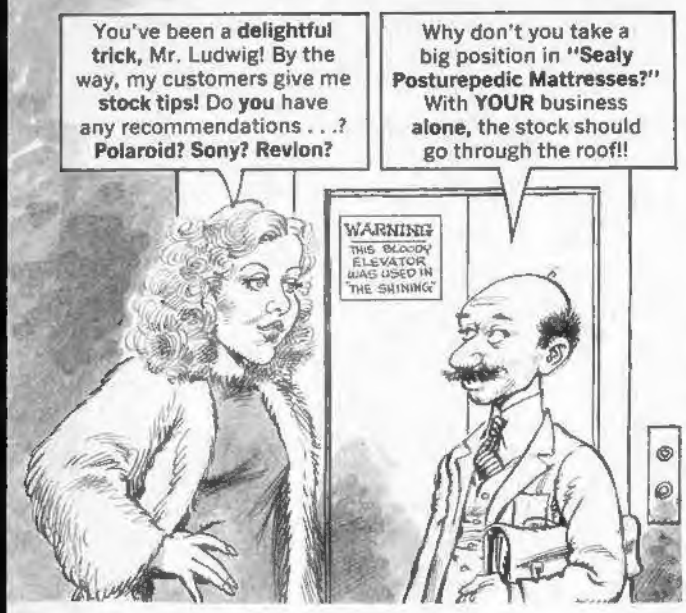

What a **lively imagination** I have! He probably wasn't **trying** to pick me up **at all!** He's undoubtedly an **art lover,** and it's just a **coincidence** that he showed up today at this particular museum . . .
THE MODERN MUSEUM FOR HORNY HOUSEWIVES

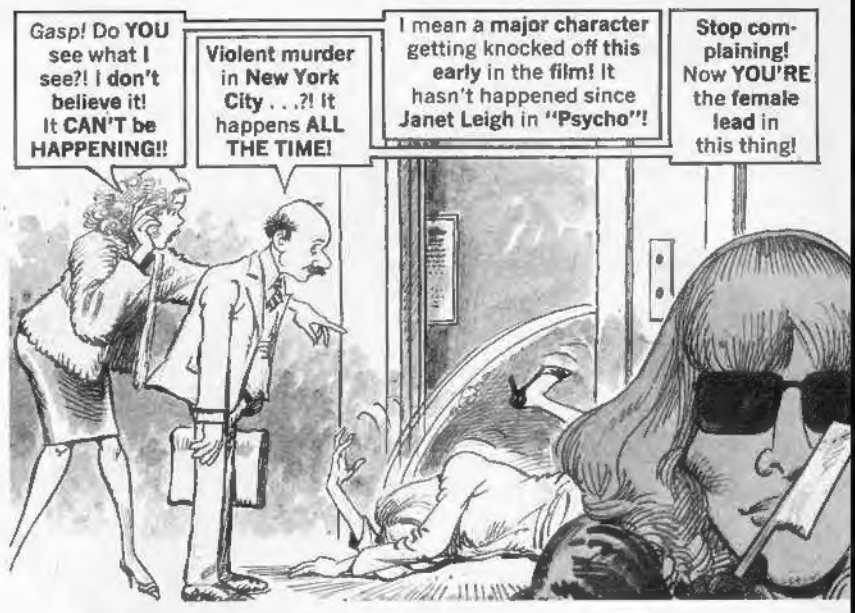
But . . . but I only **came** into this **cab** to get my **glove!!**
How far you **goin',** buddy?
As far as the **Censors** will **allow** us to go!!
Okay . . . as long as we don't go down to **Greenwich Village!** Some **real WEIRDOS** live down there!!
1.00 95

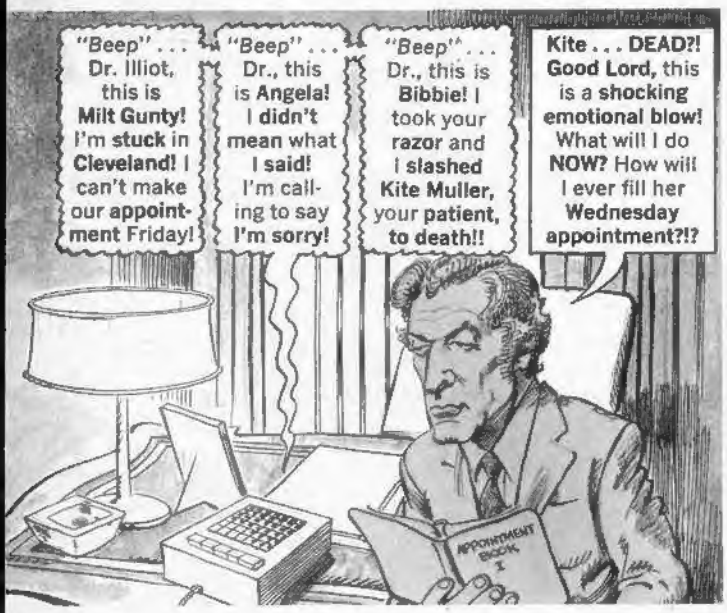
Thank you, mysterious stranger! This was **more** than just a wild afternoon fling! You've given me what I **desperately needed!**
You've given me **excitement** . . .! You've given me **passion** . . .!!

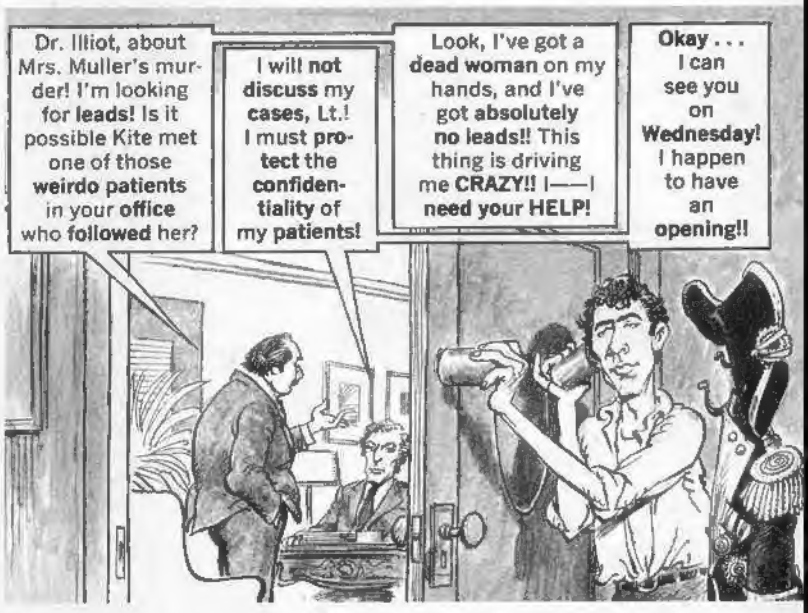

You've given me the **gift** that **keeps on giving!!**
NEW YORK CITY
DEPT. OF HEALTH
PLEASE BE ADVISED THAT
Warren J. Klopmann
HAS BEEN EXPOSED TO AND CONTRACTED:
AN INFECTIOUS VENEREAL DISEASE
Please list all sexual contacts made two weeks prior to detecting this infection. They must be alerted and examined for:
GONORRHEA
1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

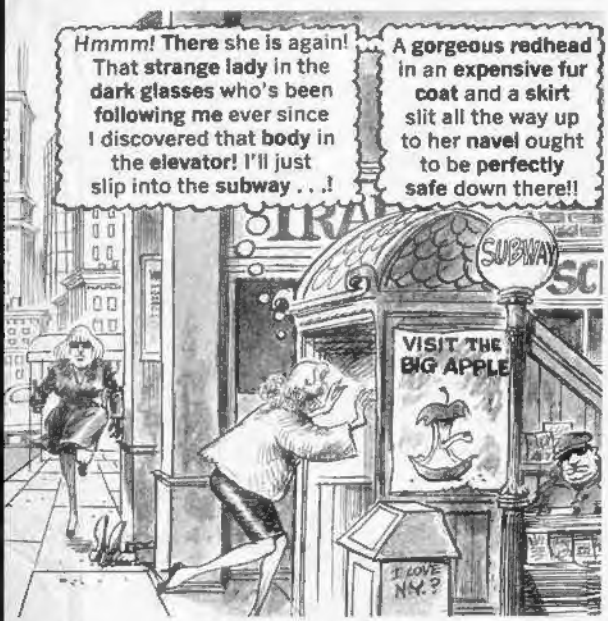
While the elevator is going **down** . . . and then **up** again . . . in this, the **slowest** elevator ride in **movie history,** I might as well try to **sort things out** and find out where I'm **at!**
I have to **settle down** and **straighten out my life!** I **can't** keep sleeping around! I **can't** keep picking up men and losing my head over them!! . . .
YEEOWWW! TOO LATE!!
NEWS
MUSAK

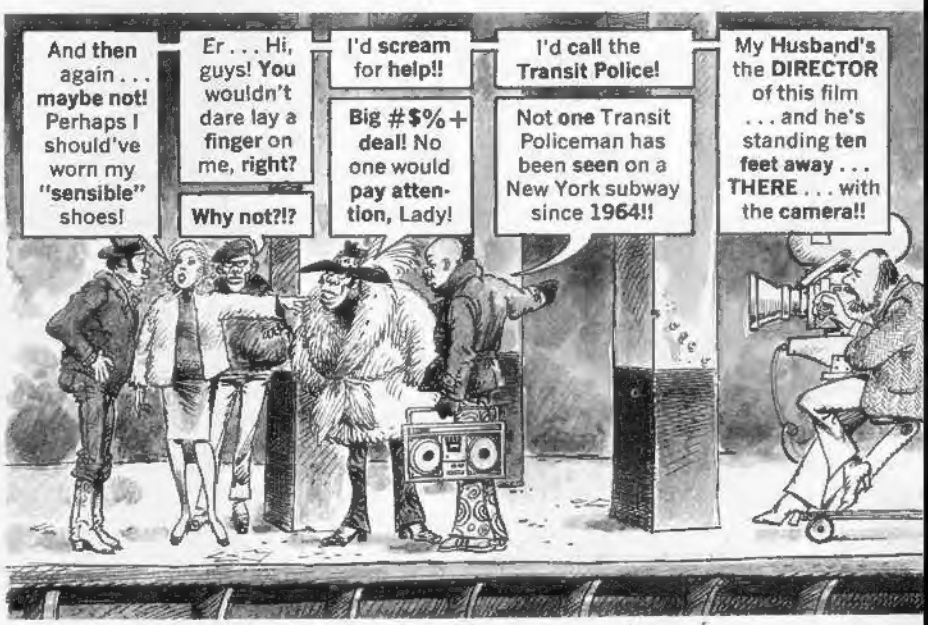

You've been a delightful trick, Mr. Ludwig! By the way, my customers give me stock tips! Do you have any recommendations . . .? Polaroid? Sony? Revlon?
Why don't you take a big position in "Sealy Posturepedic Mattresses?" With YOUR business alone, the stock should go through the roof!!
WARNING
THIS BLOODY ELEVATOR WAS USED IN "THE SHINING"


Gasp! Do YOU see what I see?! I don't believe it! It CAN'T be HAPPENING!!
Violent murder in New York City . . .?! It happens ALL THE TIME!
I mean a major character getting knocked off this early in the film! It hasn't happened since Janet Leigh in "Psycho"!
Stop complaining! Now YOU'RE the female lead in this thing!


"Beep" . . . Dr. Illiot, this is Milt Gunty! I'm stuck in Cleveland! I can't make our appointment Friday!
"Beep" . . . Dr., this is Angela! I didn't mean what I said! I'm calling to say I'm sorry!
"Beep" . . . Dr., this is Bibbie! I took your razor and I slashed Kite Muller, your patient, to death!!
Kite . . . DEAD?! Good Lord, this is a shocking emotional blow! What will I do NOW? How will I ever fill her Wednesday appointment?!?
APPOINTMENT BOOK


Dr. Illiot, about Mrs. Muller's murder! I'm looking for leads! Is it possible Kite met one of those weirdo patients in your office who followed her?
I will not discuss my cases, Lt.! I must protect the confidentiality of my patients!
Look, I've got a dead woman on my hands, and I've got absolutely no leads!! This thing is driving me CRAZY!! I——I need your HELP!
Okay . . . I can see you on Wednesday! I happen to have an opening!!


Hmmm! There she is again! That strange lady in the dark glasses who's been following me ever since I discovered that body in the elevator! I'll just slip into the subway . . .!
A gorgeous redhead in an expensive fur coat and a skirt slit all the way up to her navel ought to be perfectly safe down there!!
SUBWAY
VISIT THE BIG APPLE
I ♥ NY

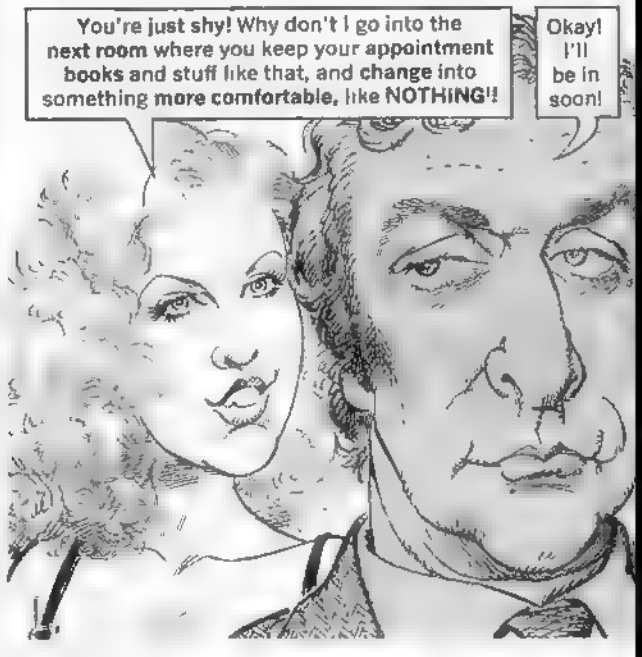

And then again . . . maybe not! Perhaps I should've worn my "sensible" shoes!
Er . . . Hi, guys! You wouldn't dare lay a finger on me, right?
Why not?!?
I'd scream for help!!
Big #$%+ deal! No one would pay attention, Lady!
I'd call the Transit Police!
Not one Transit Policeman has been seen on a New York subway since 1964!!
My Husband's the DIRECTOR of this film . . . and he's standing ten feet away . . . THERE . . . with the camera!!

NOW we are gonna mess you up REAL BAD!!
We HATE what your ol' mans' doin' with this movie!
He's taken eroticism to it's nastiest extreme!!
The cinematography is excellent . . . but the film is definitely flawed plot-wise!
OOOOPS! Maybe I dropped the WRONG name!!
E LOCAL AVE
EEEEK!
SPLAT
PFFET
Kid, you saved my life with that mace!
MACE?!? I only wanted to spray-paint GRAFFITI on that car door!
. . . so I set up a camera outside Dr. Illiot's office, and I photographed everyone that went in or came out! When I spotted the strange lady with the dark glasses, I figured she looked suspicious . . . so I followed her! That's why I was in the subway!
Putter, you saved my life! How can I ever repay you?!?
Well . . . I'm a 15-year-old boy . . . and you're a sexy hooker in her pajamas!! There's only one normal way I can think of!
What's that??
How about letting me show you some more neat snapshots that I took of Dr. Illiot's patients!?
Before you do that, Putter, let me make one phone call!!
You calling the Police?
No, I'm calling "THAT'S INCREDIBLE"!!
Dr. Leafy? I'm Dr. Illiot! I called you!
Oh, yes, Dr. Illiot! What's this all about?
It's about a former patient of mine who is now being treated by you! Her name is Bibbi! She's a dangerous schizophrenic who suffers from psychotic phobias as a result of my refusal to okay a trans-sexual operation!
Listen, I got my degree in Psychiatry at the University of Miami! Can you put that in simpler terms for me?
Okay! She's a drag queen who's lost her marbles, and she's going around knocking off broads with my razor!!
Oh . . . and one more thing! She wears a size 14 dress!
How do you know that?
It's a coincidence! I happen to wear the SAME SIZE!!
Oh, this is TOO MUCH! It's just BEYOND BELIEF!
That a person can be so disturbed?
That a picture can be so OBVIOUS!

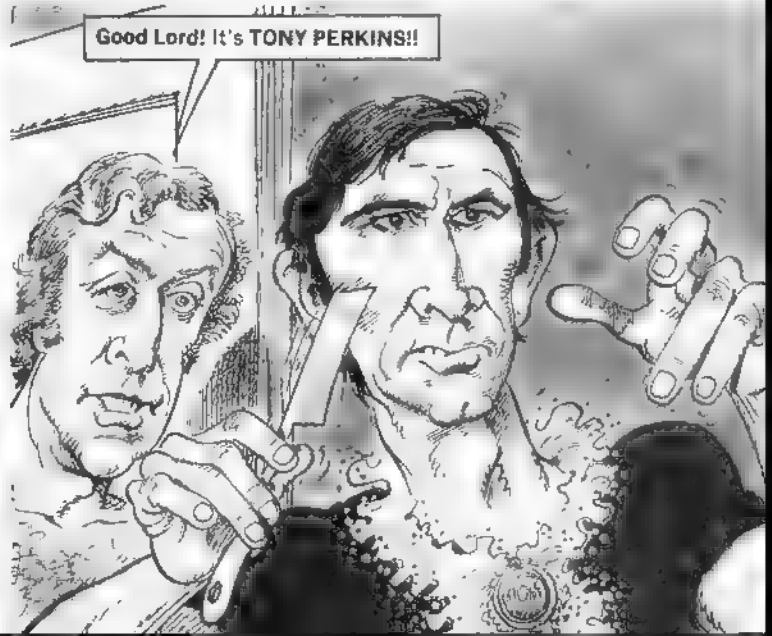
Why am I here, Lt. Marina?! Why are you constantly hassling me . . .?!
Two reasons! First—— you're my prime suspect!
You've got the wrong person!! There's a maniac blonde psychopath with a razor who scares the pants off everyone . . .
That's the SECOND reason! It's time for another "nude" scene!!
You mean ME?!
Let me put it this way! Nobody's payin' four bucks to see ME get undressed!!
©SYOSSET

WAIT!!
NOT HERE!
NOT HERE!
I want you to go to Illiot's office! I must get hold of his appointment book to identify that blonde!
You'll pose as a patient, entice him, and get that book!!
And that's my reason for getting undressed?
Hey, do we really need one?!

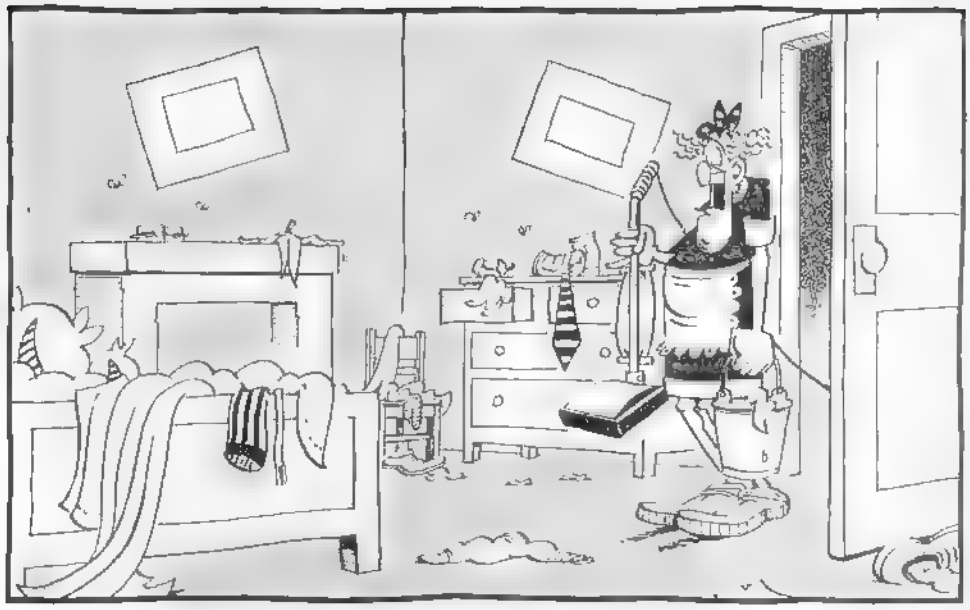
. . . and then I dreamed I was a tambourine, and the entire Baja Marimba Band was playing ME!! But enough dream analysis! I'd like to have sex with you, Doctor!
I'm not allowed to get involved with my patients!
I'm very good at my profession! You're out of your mind if you don't try it!
I'M very good at MY profession! That's why I'LL decide who's out of whose mind!
ALFIE

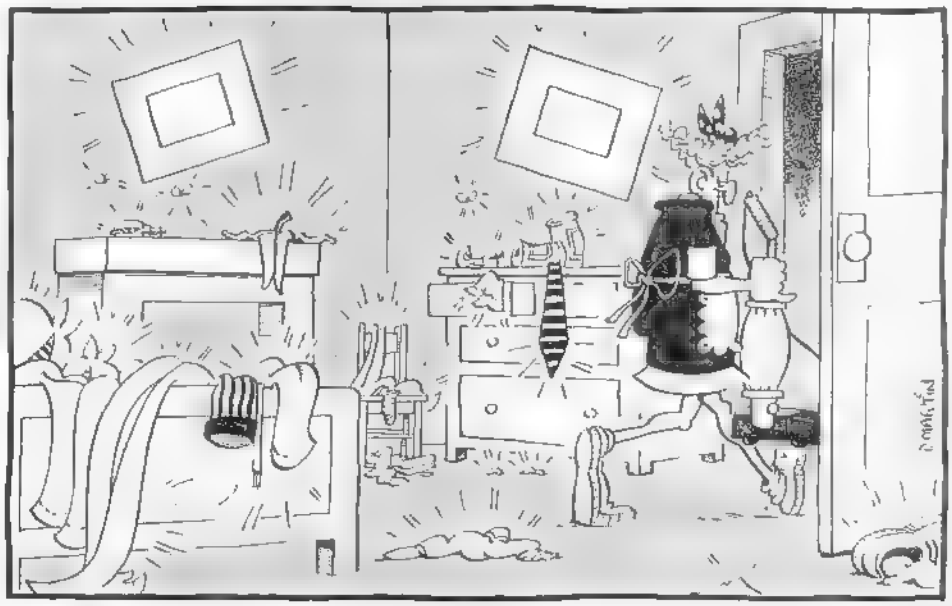

You're just shy! Why don't I go into the next room where you keep your appointment books and stuff like that, and change into something more comfortable, like NOTHING!!
Okay! I'll be in soon!

YOU?! YOU'RE the killer?! So all along, it was a MAN dressed in WOMEN'S CLOTHES! But . . . WHY?? Why were you MURDERING everyone . . .?!
Because you were stealing the classic horror movie of all time . . . MY movie . . . and you were RUINING IT!!


Good Lord! It's TONY PERKINS!!

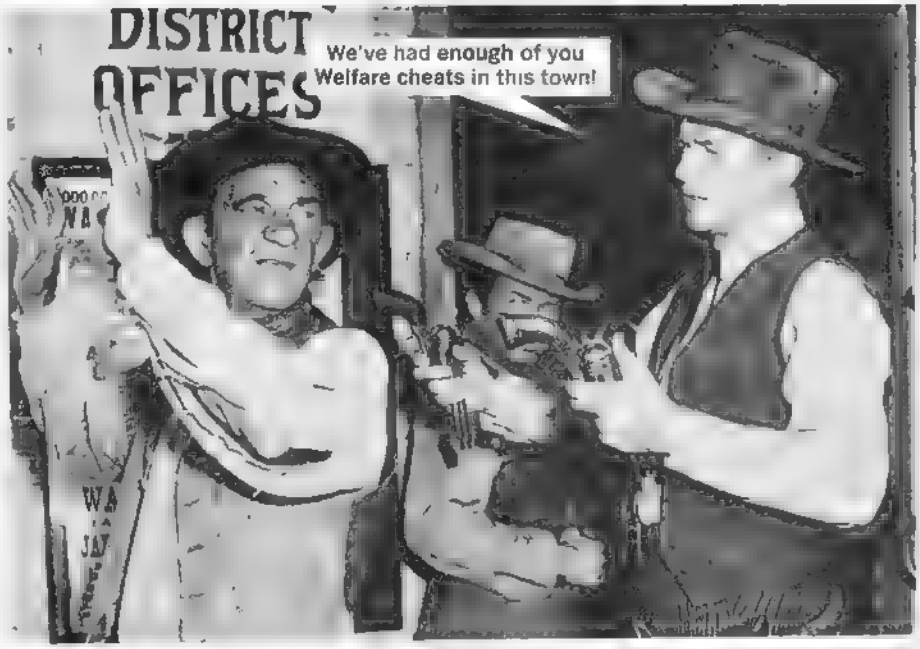
EARLY ONE MORNING IN A HOTEL ROOM

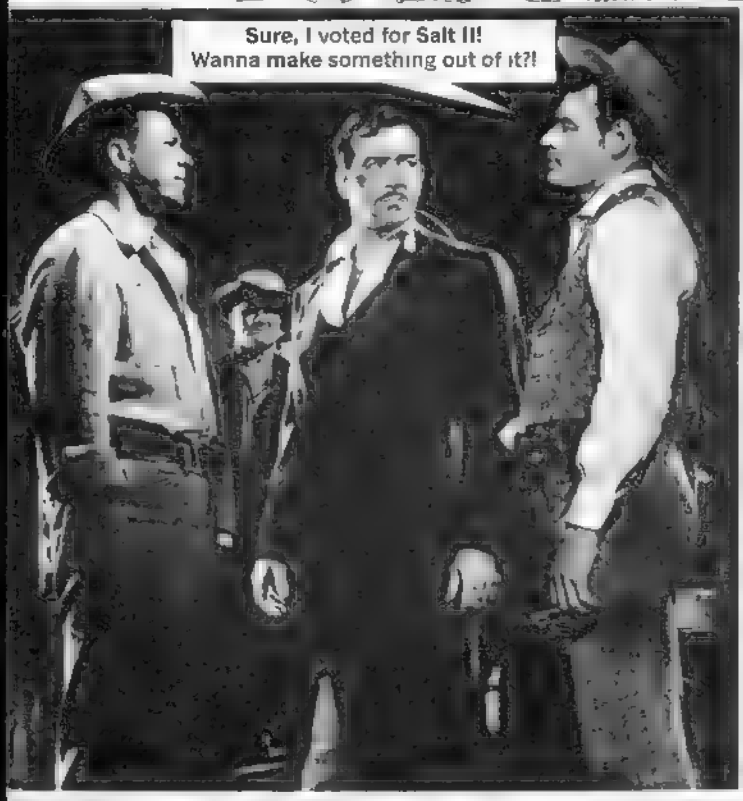




SPEAKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.

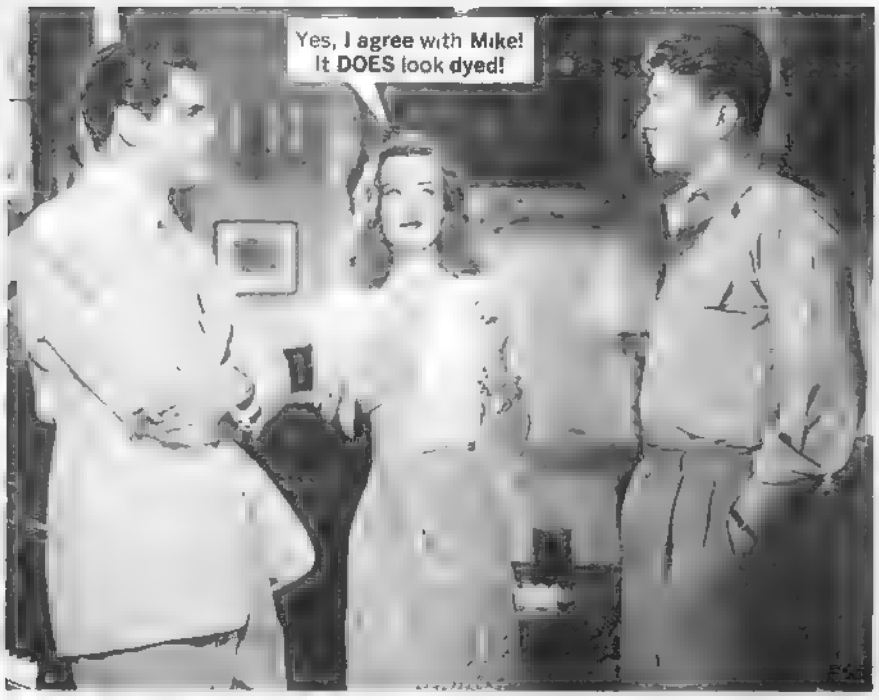
NOW PLAYING...AT T





HE WHITE HOUSE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



Okay! Okay! We'll allow prayer in the schools!
And then Barbara Walters asked me where Botswana was . . . and I didn't know!
Eat your heart out, Jerry Ford!
This is the last time I listen to those Right-To-Life people!
I want Brezhnev alone!
But . . . what if God ISN'T a Republican?!

AD NAUSEA DEPT.

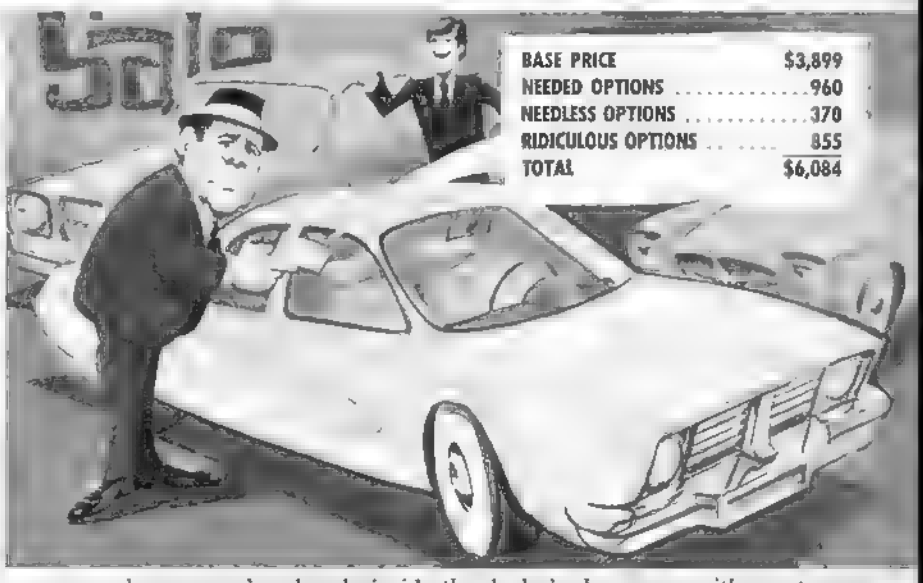
No matter how many new laws the Government passes, and no matter how many new Agencies they set up to protect us gullible consumers from Madison Avenue . . .

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING...

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: TOM KOCH

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING

. . . because invitations to "buy one, get the second one free" sound so appealing, we quickly forget we can't even use one!



. . . because we're already inside the dealer's showroom with our tongues hanging out before we realize that $3,899 cars really cost over $6,000 by the time wheels, windows and other "optional equipment" are added in.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING

. . . because we don't find out until too late that it costs less to keep the junk we buy from mail order houses than it does to pay the postage to return it.

. . . because we're lured to muffler shops that offer "30-Minute Service," even though we know it takes longer than that just to get a mechanic's attention.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING

. . because few realize that "a collector's item much in demand" will stop being in demand as soon as every collector orders his from the same ad we're reading.

Regularly $495.00. SALE PRICED — $199.95!

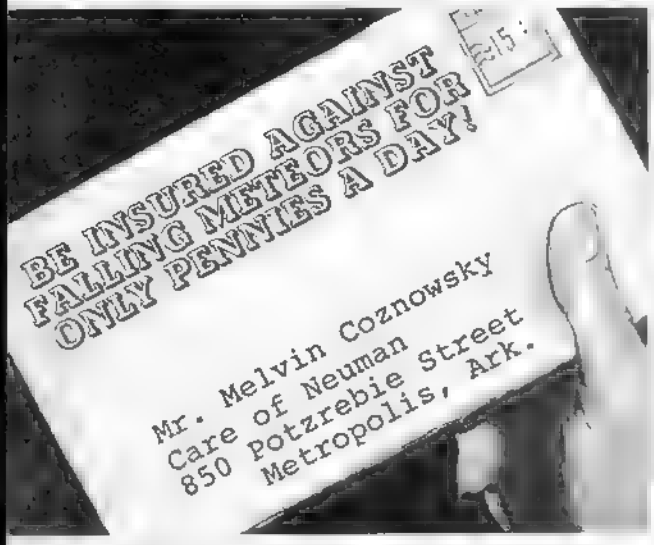
. . . because draping a beautiful model across cheap furniture makes any sofa look much better in the ad than it's ever going to look in our living room.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING

. . . because we invariably buy pills promising "temporary relief from minor pain" after we see how they provide the actor in the commercial with permanent relief from major pain.

. . . because supermarkets promoting those sweepstake games act as if the prize money is coming out of their profits . . . and not your pockets.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING


BE INSURED AGAINST FALLING METEORS FOR ONLY PENNIES A DAY!
Mr. Melvin Coznowsky
Care of Neuman
850 Potzrebie Street
Metropolis, Ark.

. . . because we never add up all those items that cost "only pennies a day" to see how their total cost can amount to thousands of dollars a year.

. . . because liquor companies always mention their product's mellow aging and smooth taste, but never warn us of the rotting liver and wild convulsions we can get from drinking it

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING

. . . because a chance to get ten free albums for joining a record club blinds us to the fact that there's no way we can drop out once we've joined.

. . . because hardly anybody remembers that the sales items "drastically reduced" from $89.00 to $69.00 are the same ones that were drastically increased from $49.00 last year.

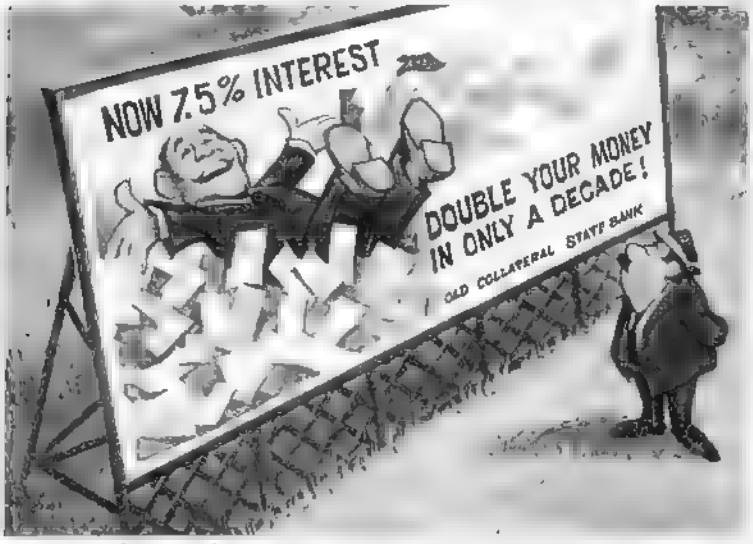
WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING

. . . because we stupidly assume that anything sold by Farrah Fawcett-Majors has to be great.

. . . because they deviously bunch items of different prices together, hoping we'll think the one we want is cheap.

. . . because a TV announcer with a British accent has a way of making even worthless trash sound like high-quality merchandise.

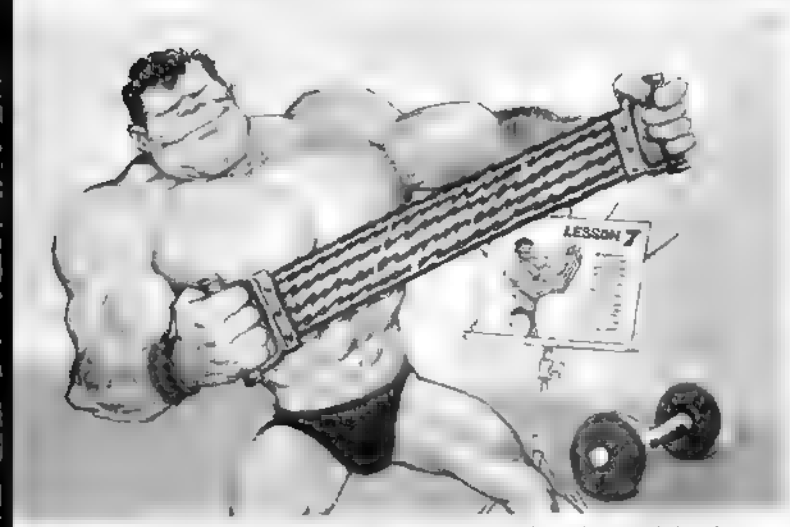
WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING



. . . because banks don't remind us that we could also have doubled our money in the past ten years investing in light bulbs, blue jeans, shoes or kitty-litter.

. . . because it impresses us to read how "Mrs. J. M. of California" has praised a product, even though we have no idea who she is, or if she even exists.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING



. . . because we mistakenly assume that the models pictured demonstrating "body-building equipment" were as scrawny as we are until they started using the stuff.

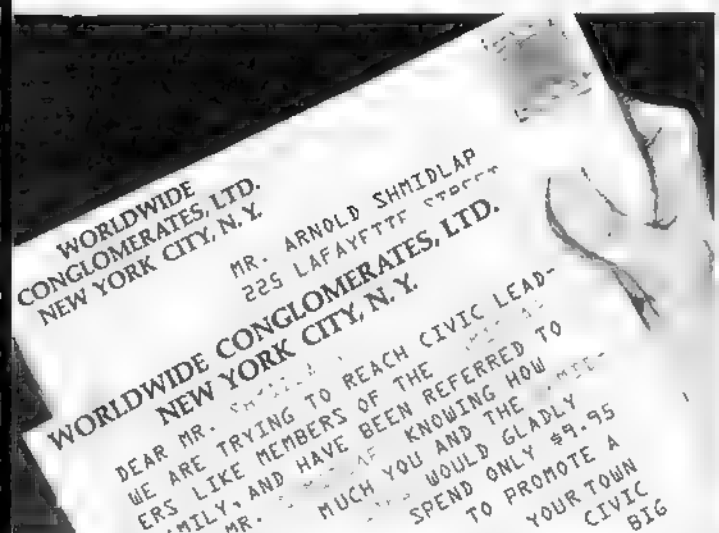
. . . because every parent wants to believe that a $500 set of encyclopedias is all that's needed to transform his stupid kid into a Rhodes Scholar.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING

. . . because we desperately want to believe that "low-tar" cigarettes are a heaven-sent discovery that'll let us keep smoking and still keep alive.

. . . because it boggles the mind to imagine a wonderful person like Pat Boone lying when he tells us that hot dogs are nutritious, even when they're not particularly.

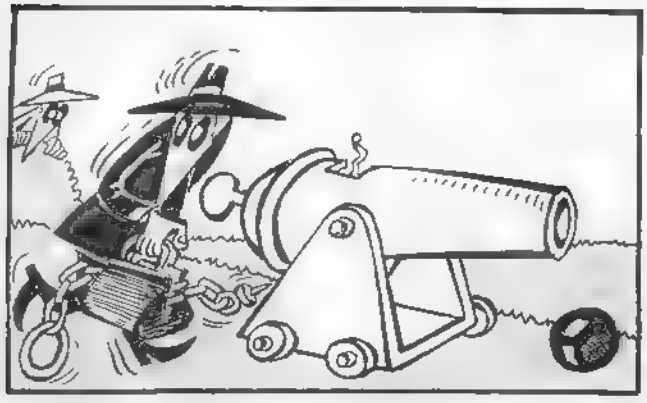
WE'LL ALWAYS BE SUCKERS FOR CLEVER ADVERTISING

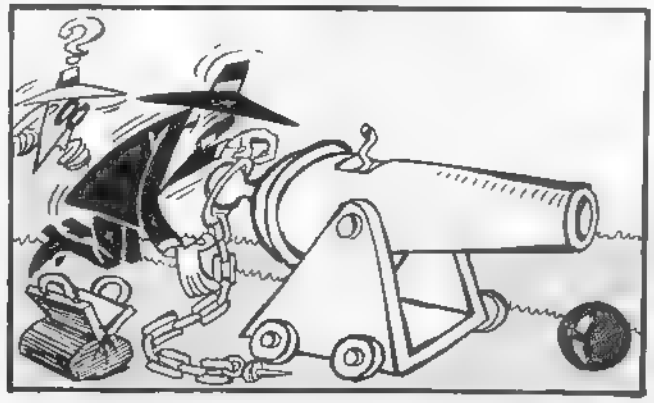


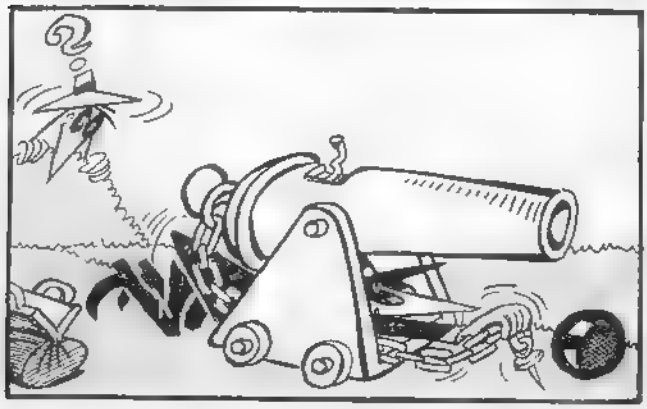
. . . because we're flattered when letters from big companies address us by our name, even though it's so obvious that they were written by a computer.

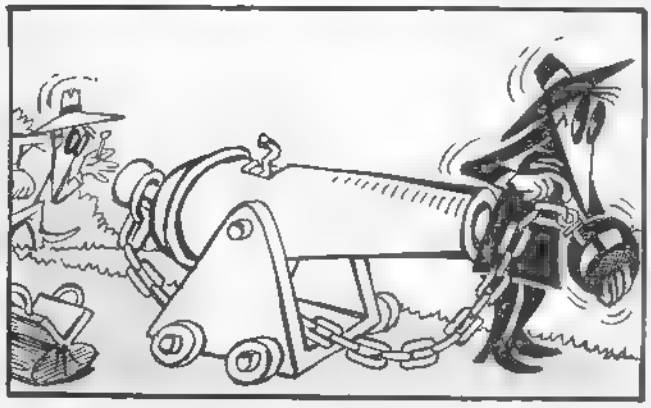
. . . because we lack the foresight to realize that 'easy monthly car payments' won't seem so easy when the car falls apart, and we're still paying for it.

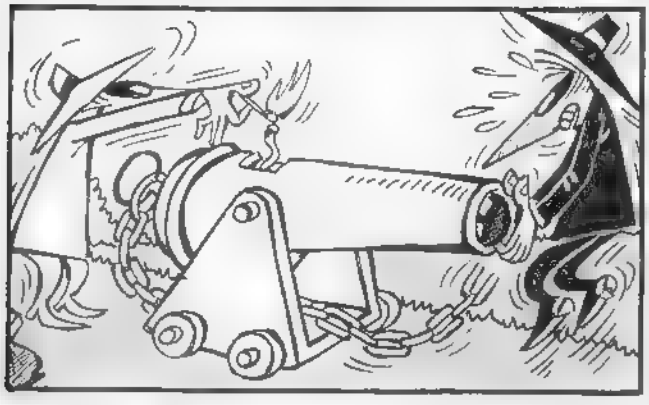
SPY vs SPY

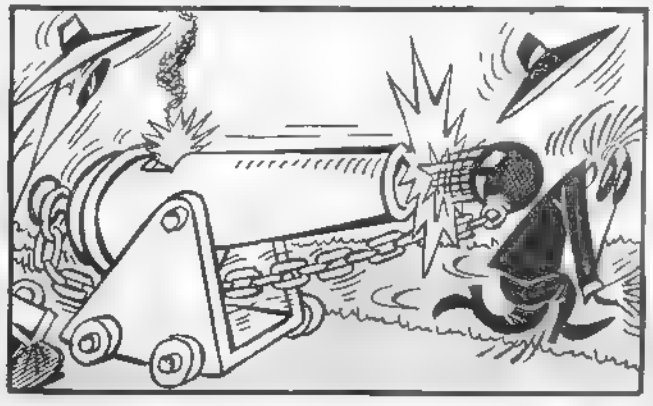


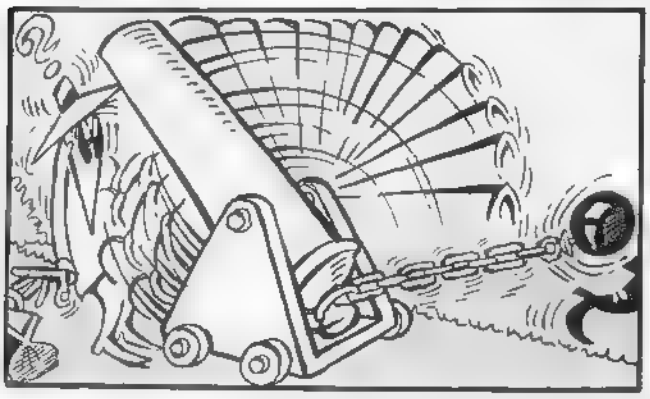


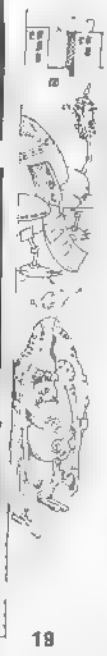




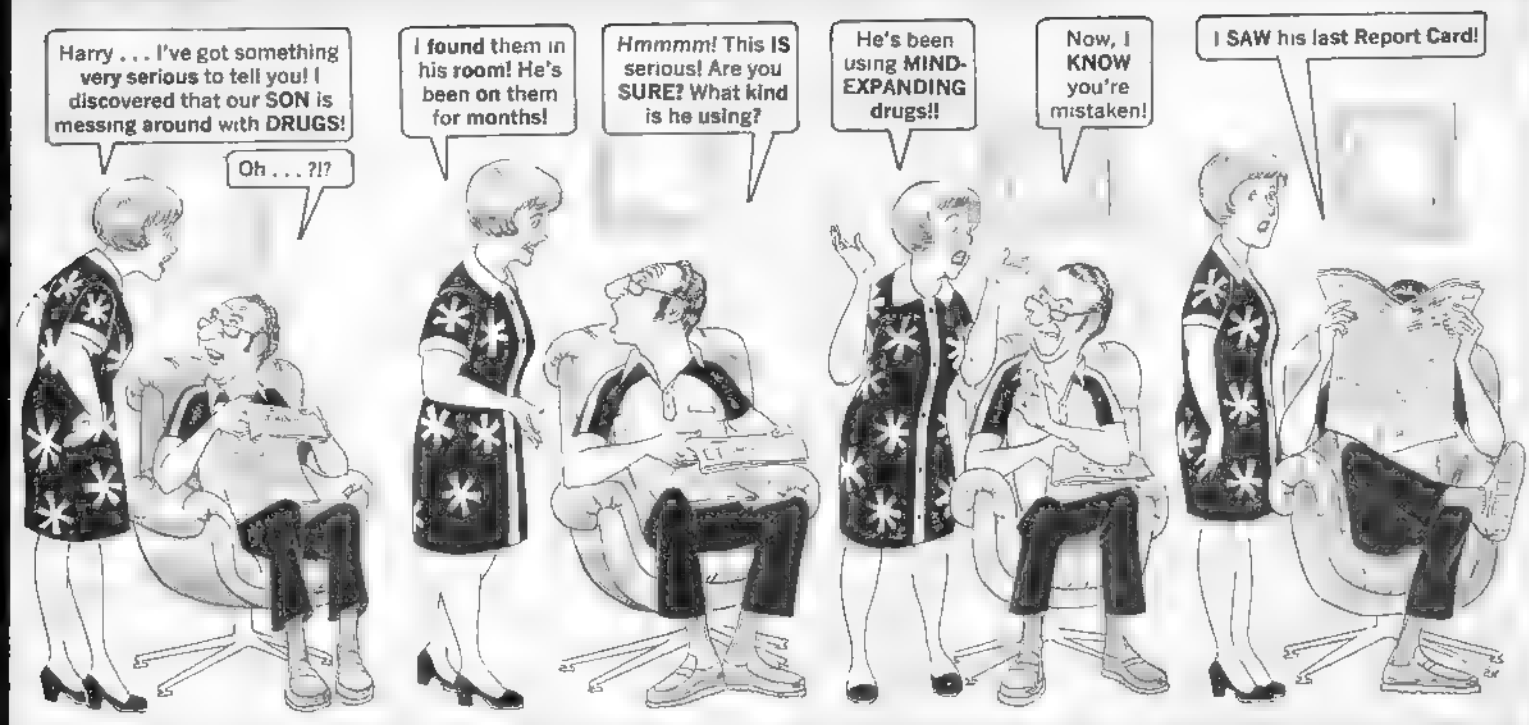








DRUGS


Harry . . . I've got something very serious to tell you! I discovered that our SON is messing around with DRUGS!
Oh . . . ?!?
I found them in his room! He's been on them for months!
Hmmmm! This IS serious! Are you SURE? What kind is he using?
He's been using MIND-EXPANDING drugs!!
Now, I KNOW you're mistaken!
I SAW his last Report Card!

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

SOCIAL CALLS

Oh, my gosh! It's that pest, Roger Kaputnik!!
Don't answer the door or do anything to let him know we're home! Maybe he'll go away!
BING BONG
He ISN'T GOING away! He's just standing there in the freezing rain!!
I can't stand to see anybody suffering like that in such miserable weather!!
So DO something about it!
CLICK CLICK CLICK

CHILDPLAY

I'm home! Where's Peggy?
She's down the basement with Tommy! They're playing "Doctor"!
Not in MY house, they're not!! I'd better get down there and put a stop to it!
GOLF . . . ?!? What kind of "Doctor"-playing is that?!
Today is Wednesday!!

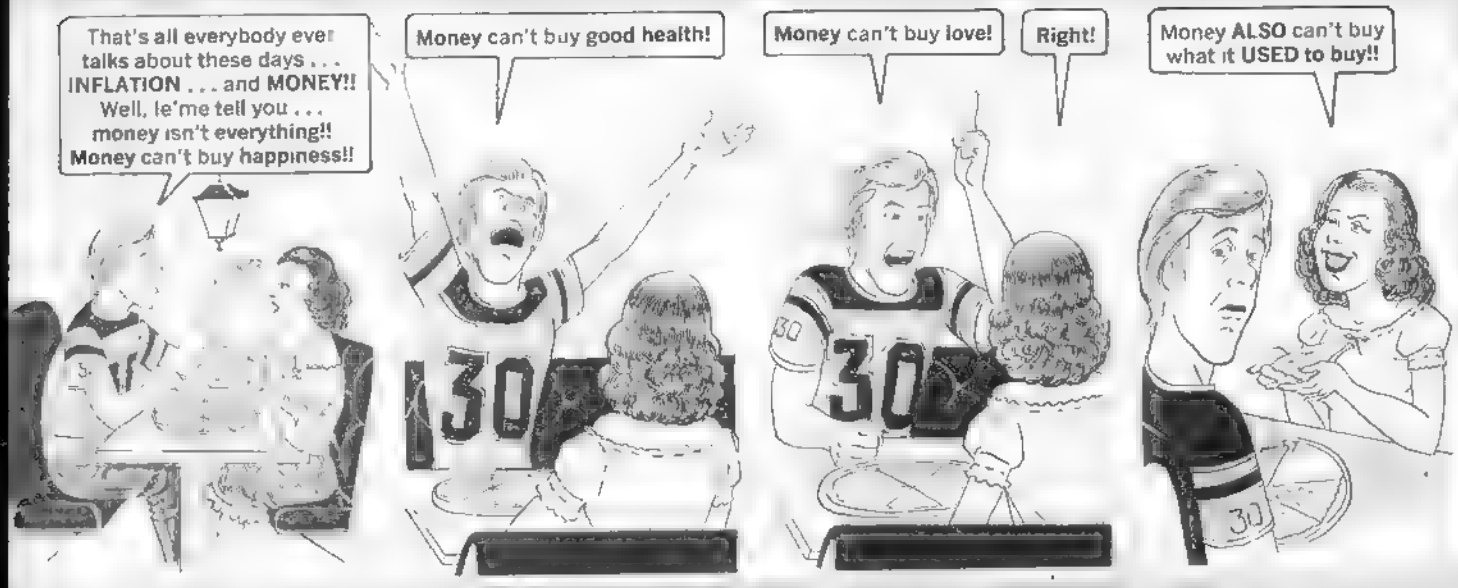
R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER·
DAVE BERG

MEDICINE

I come to these parties to forget my problems of being a doctor, and what happens?!? Guests keep coming to me for free medical advice! But I've got my way of discouraging that!
Really? Uh— here comes Lola Paluzza with that look in her eye! Let's see how you handle HER!
Doctor, I've got this sharp pain in my side! What does it mean . . . ?
I don't know! I'll have to EXAMINE you first . .
TAKE OFF ALL YOUR CLOTHES!!

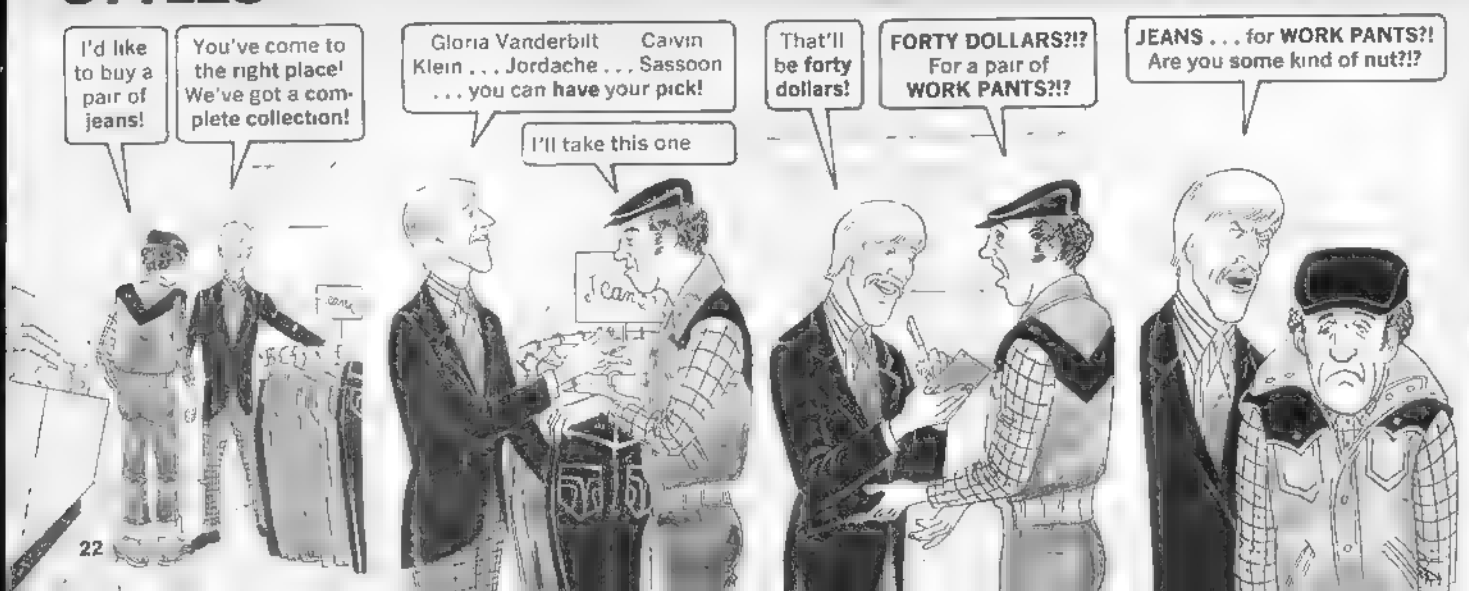
INFLATION


That's all everybody ever talks about these days . . . INFLATION . . . and MONEY!! Well, le'me tell you . . . money isn't everything!! Money can't buy happiness!!
Money can't buy good health!
Money can't buy love!
Right!
Money ALSO can't buy what it USED to buy!!

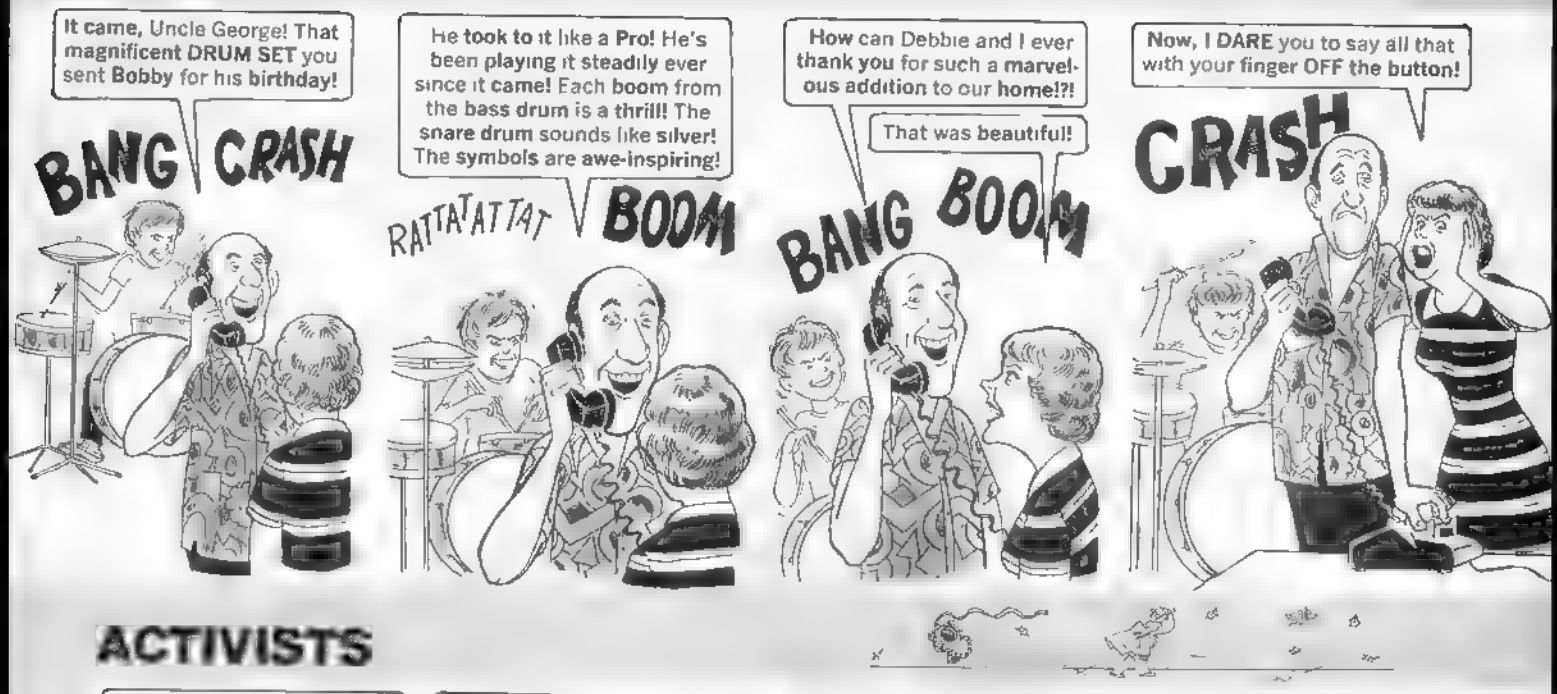
ON THE JOB

DRESSING UP

STYLES


I'd like to buy a pair of jeans!
You've come to the right place! We've got a complete collection!
Gloria Vanderbilt Calvin Klein . . . Jordache . . . Sassoon . . . you can have your pick!
I'll take this one
That'll be forty dollars!
FORTY DOLLARS?!? For a pair of WORK PANTS?!?
JEANS . . . for WORK PANTS?! Are you some kind of nut?!?

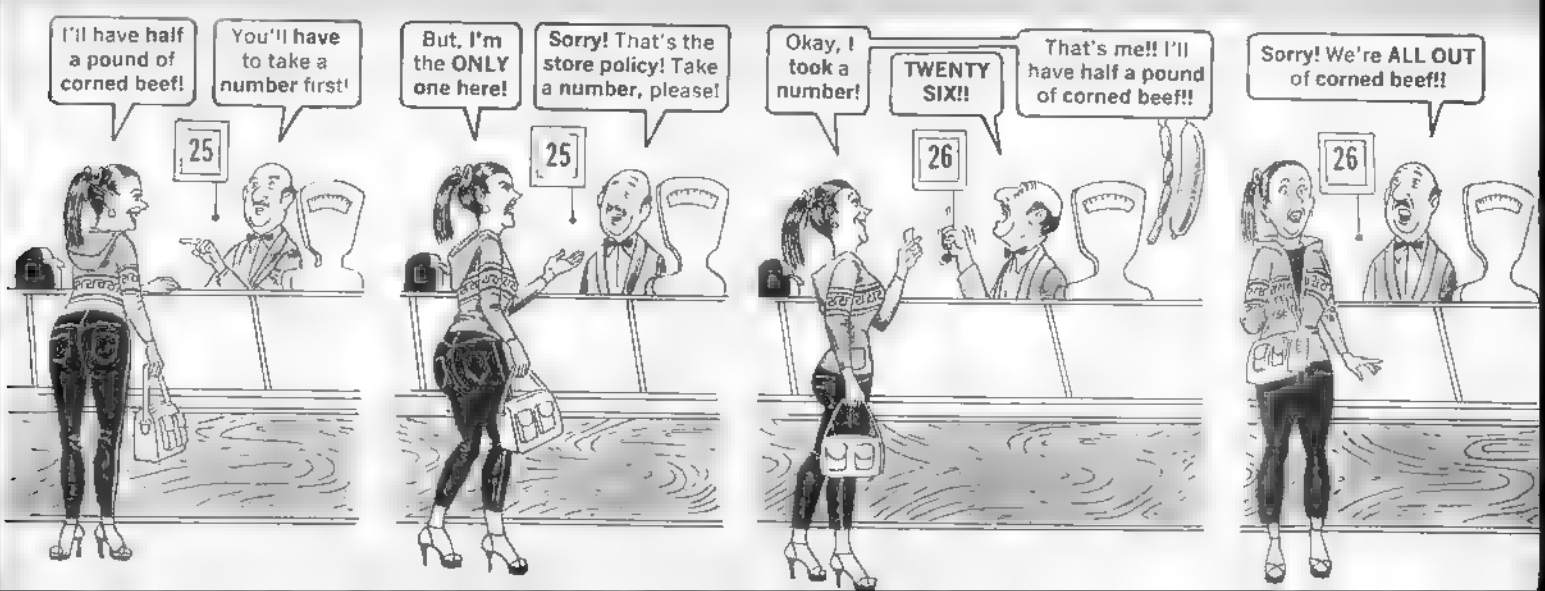
GIFTS


It came, Uncle George! That magnificent DRUM SET you sent Bobby for his birthday!
BANG
CRASH
He took to it like a Pro! He's been playing it steadily ever since it came! Each boom from the bass drum is a thrill! The snare drum sounds like silver! The symbols are awe-inspiring!
RATTATATTAT
BOOM
How can Debbie and I ever thank you for such a marvelous addition to our home!?!
That was beautiful!
BANG
BOOM
Now, I DARE you to say all that with your finger OFF the button!
CRASH

ACTIVISTS

You missed it! Some protest group held a big demonstration outside the nuclear plant all afternoon . . . !!
Oh? What were they protesting against?
The POLLUTION of our ENVIRONMENT!!
NO NUKES IS GOOD NUKES
STOP NUKES
BAN DIRTY AIR!

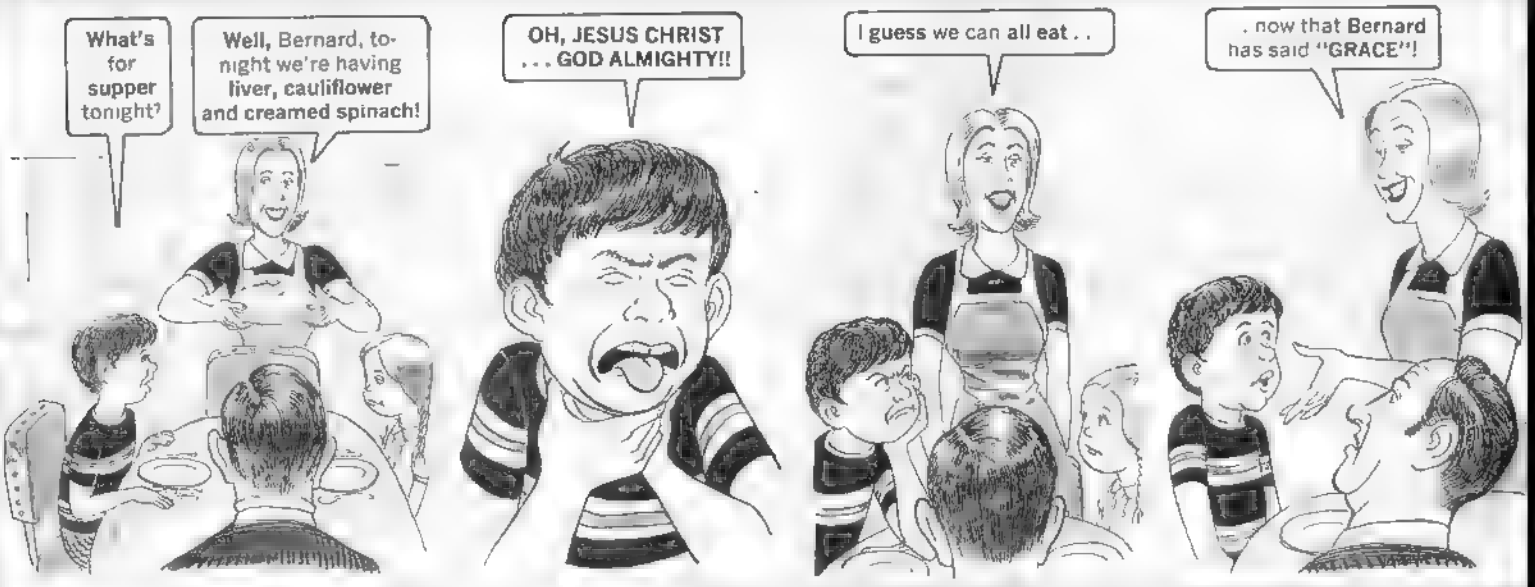
SHOPPING


I'll have half a pound of corned beef!
You'll have to take a number first!
25
But, I'm the ONLY one here!
Sorry! That's the store policy! Take a number, please!
25
Okay, I took a number!
TWENTY SIX!!
That's me!! I'll have half a pound of corned beef!!
26
Sorry! We're ALL OUT of corned beef!!
26

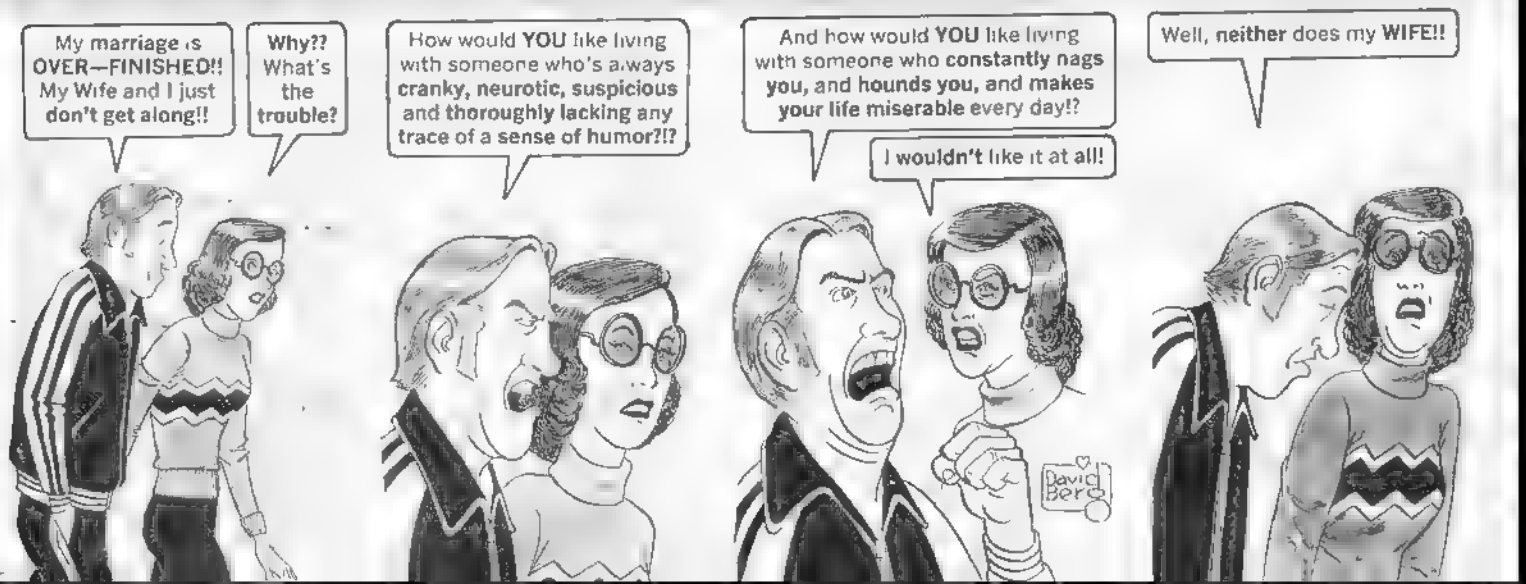
THE CAR

I've just got to get rid of this blasted gas-guzzling monster!
How many miles does it get on a gallon . . . ?
Eighteen!
Hey, that's not bad!!
That's EIGHT in the city, and TEN on the highway!!

EATING


What's for supper tonight?
Well, Bernard, tonight we're having liver, cauliflower and creamed spinach!
OH, JESUS CHRIST . . . GOD ALMIGHTY!!
I guess we can all eat . .
. now that Bernard has said "GRACE"!

MARRIAGE


My marriage is OVER—FINISHED!! My Wife and I just don't get along!!
Why?? What's the trouble?
How would YOU like living with someone who's always cranky, neurotic, suspicious and thoroughly lacking any trace of a sense of humor?!?
And how would YOU like living with someone who constantly nags you, and hounds you, and makes your life miserable every day!?
I wouldn't like it at all!
Well, neither does my WIFE!!
David Berg

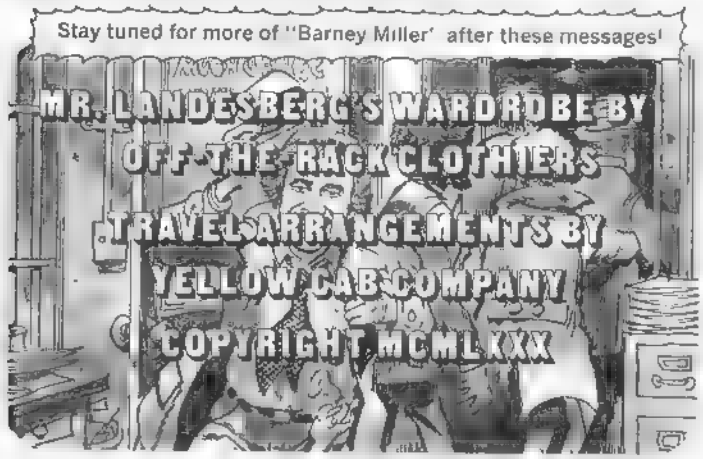
TWO SIDES OF THE CON DEPT.

So you consider yourself an avid TV fan! Well, MAD is willing to bet you don't even *hear* the outrageous things that are said over and over again on the tube! We mean those trite, ridiculous babblings that announcers, newscasters and program hosts repeat so often, they no longer register on our minds. It's a shame about that, because this seemingly harmless drivel contains some of the worst misleading statements and outright lies fed to us by TV. But who's going to call the networks and stations to task for their deception if nobody's paying attention? Hopefully, you will . . . once MAD alerts you to listen carefully to—

WHAT TELEVISION SAYS AND WHAT IT REALLY MEANS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: TOM KOCH

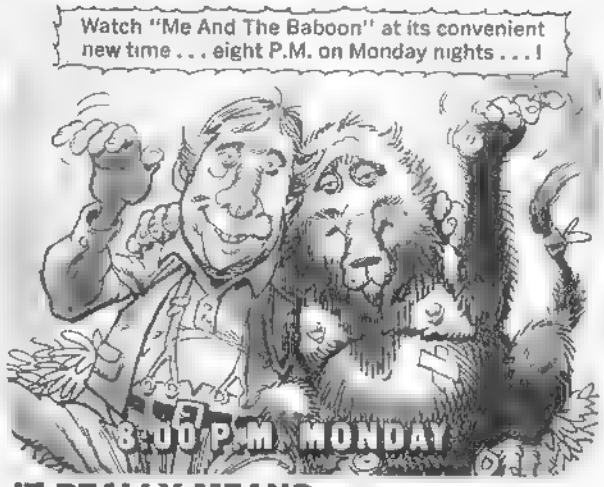
WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...


Stay tuned for more of "Barney Miller" after these messages!
MR. LANDESBERG'S WARDROBE BY
OFF-THE-RACK CLOTHIERS
TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS BY
YELLOW CAB COMPANY
COPYRIGHT MCMLXXX

IT REALLY MEANS...

"Although 'Barney Miller' is actually over, tonight's show won't be officially over until the closing credits are shown! So stay tuned for just three more commercials and then we'll let you see the names of people like the lighting technician and make-up man!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...



IT REALLY MEANS...

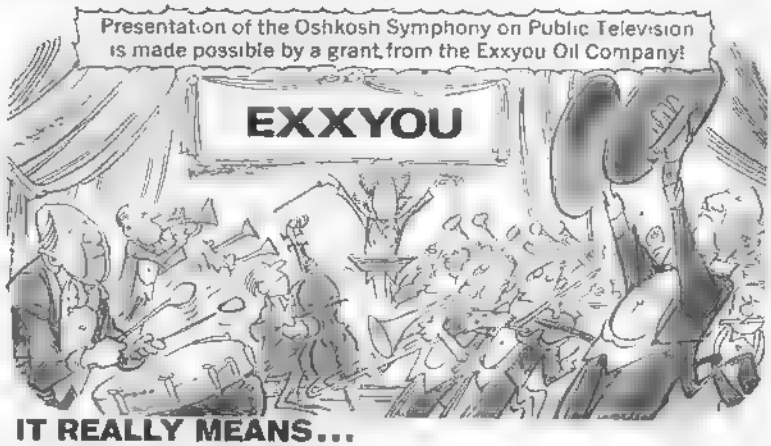
"Since adults obviously won't sit through this clinker at ten o'clock, we're going to try our luck with dumb little kids two hours earlier!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

IT REALLY MEANS...

"Raquel Welch cancelled out at the last minute!"

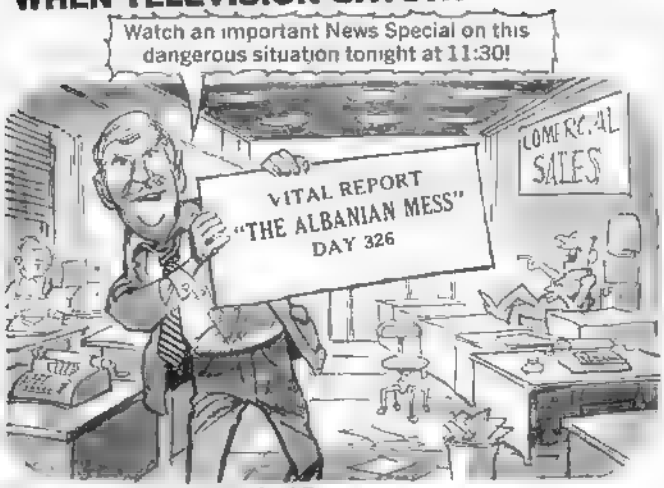
WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...


Presentation of the Oshkosh Symphony on Public Television is made possible by a grant from the Exxyou Oil Company!
EXXYOU

IT REALLY MEANS...

"The robber barons at Exxyou Oil are anxious to shake their image as a bunch of money-grubbing blood-suckers! By associating themselves with culture, they hope you won't curse them quite so much the next time you pull into one of their stations to get cheated!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...


Watch an important News Special on this dangerous situation tonight at 11:30!
COMMERCIAL SALES
VITAL REPORT
"THE ALBANIAN MESS"
DAY 326

IT REALLY MEANS...

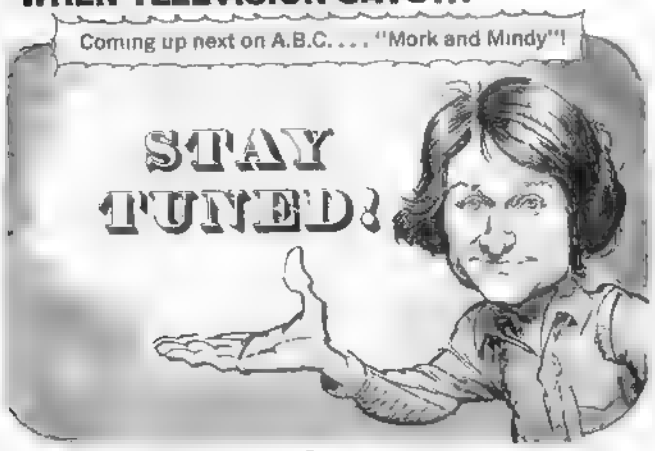
"The guys in the Newsroom think it's an important Special, but the Sales Department just laughed at the idea of giving up a lot of commercials to broadcast it in Prime Time! So instead, we're putting it on after everybody's gone to bed!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

IT REALLY MEANS...

"Now, here is America's hottest hit record being lip-sync-ed by its young vocalist who doesn't dare sing it live for fear you might find out how lousy she sounds without an echo chamber and electronic amplification!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...



IT REALLY MEANS...

" 'Mork and Mindy' is the next thing coming up that we consider entertainment! But first, there's the closing commercials for this show, then 4 network commercials then 2 local ads with the station break! So actually, there's nothing worth seeing for the next 6 minutes!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

IT REALLY MEANS...

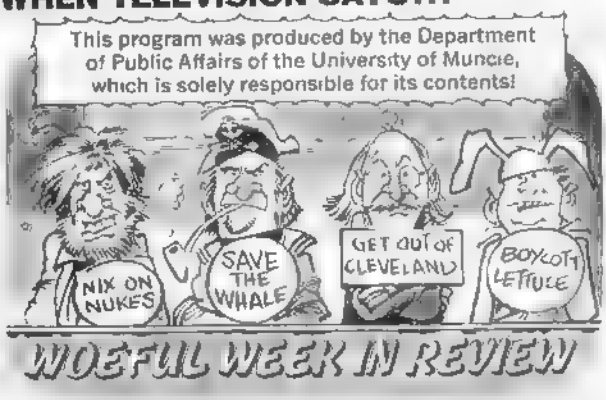
"We talk a lot about money on this show, but you'll notice that we never mention giving prizes in cash! Today's winner, f'rinstance, gets a couch that we value at $5000 . . . and a dozen napkins that we claim are worth at least $200 each!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

IT REALLY MEANS...

"Although everyone in our News Department here has that story, Lewis Hardline is the only one prepared to read it while standing in front of the White House to make it seem important!"

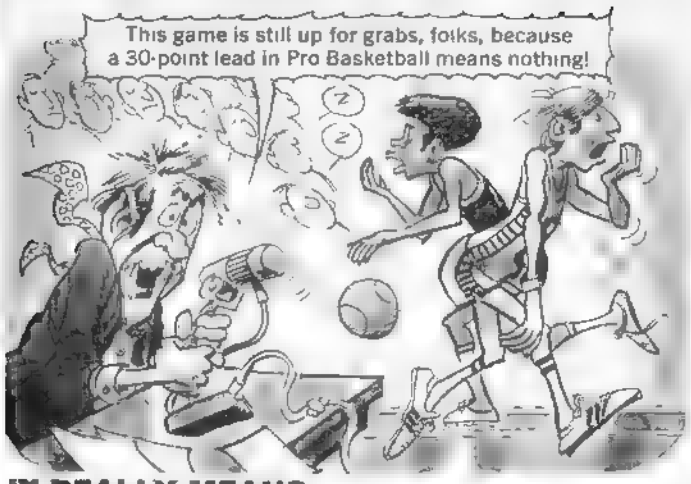
WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...


This program was produced by the Department of Public Affairs of the University of Muncie, which is solely responsible for its contents!
NIX ON NUKES
SAVE THE WHALE
GET OUT OF CLEVELAND
BOYCOTT LETTUCE
WOEFUL WEEK IN REVIEW

IT REALLY MEANS...

"If you disagree with what you've heard, please don't call our switchboard or throw rocks at our studio! It's those radicals out at the college who let dangerous talk like this get on the air!"

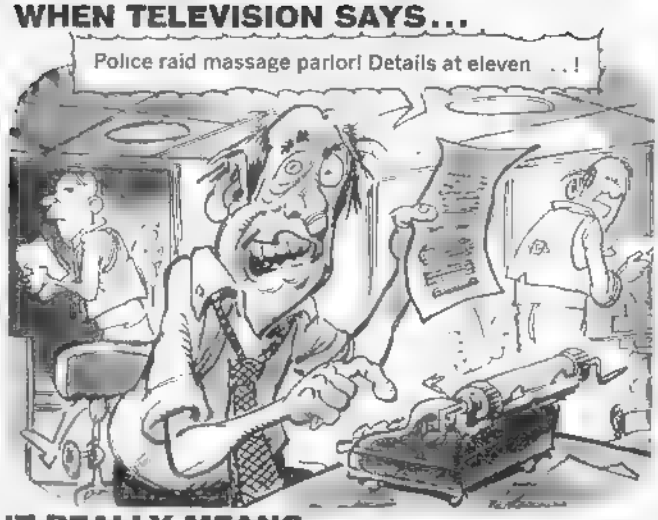
WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...



IT REALLY MEANS...

"I vaguely remember a time when a team made up a 30-point deficit, but please don't tune out! Because I clearly remember lots of times when Sportscasters got fired for losing their audiences halfway through mismatches like this!"

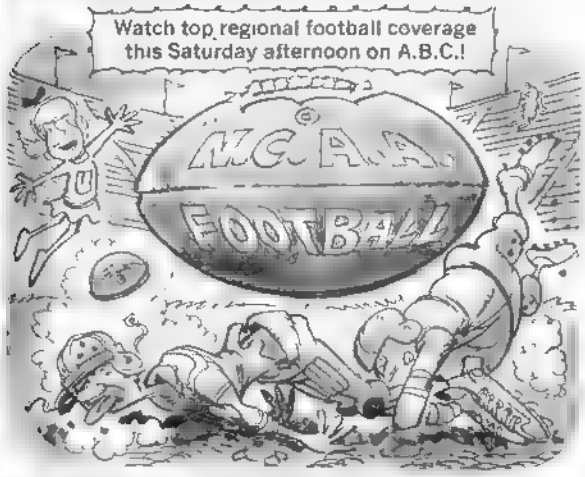
WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...



IT REALLY MEANS...

"You probably wouldn't tune in for a lot more depressing news about inflation and oil shortages, so we're trying to snag you with one sexy-sounding trivial item about a massage parlor in Honduras that was raided last week!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...



IT REALLY MEANS...

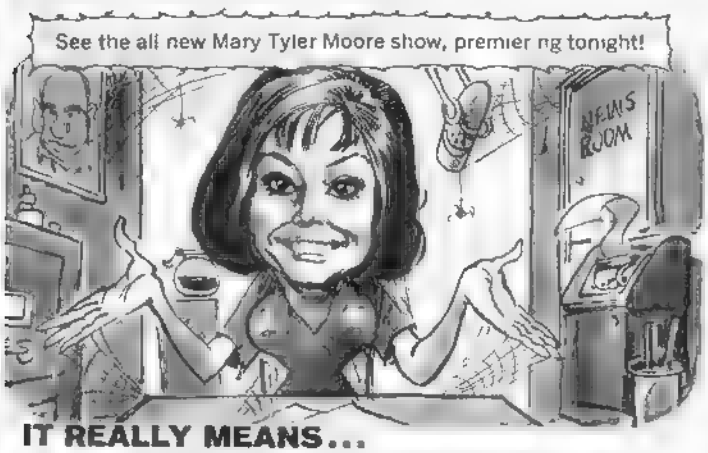
"We don't have a game of national importance this week, so we hope you'll bear with us for some dud ...like Northwestern Utah versus Idaho Teachers!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...

IT REALLY MEANS...

"Again this year, CBS lost out in the bidding to carry Major League Baseball, so we've dug up some ridiculous sports that we hope some of you may watch if we make them sound interesting!"

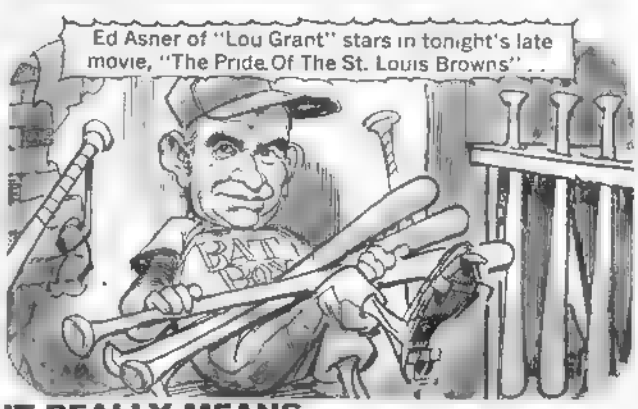
WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...



IT REALLY MEANS...

"The principal thing about this show that's 'all-new' is the fact that none of the talented performers who made Mary's previous show such a huge success will be appearing in this one!"

WHEN TELEVISION SAYS...



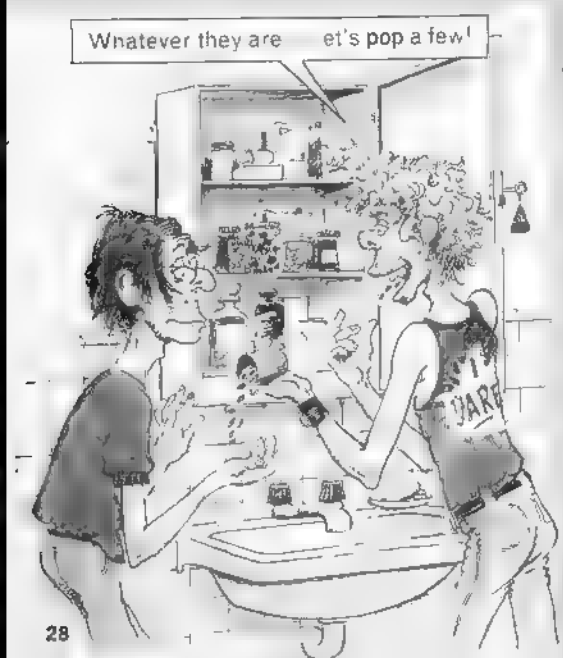
IT REALLY MEANS...

"Tonight's movie was made in 1938, and stars Lyle Talbott and Kay Francis! However, you've probably never heard of them, so we're featuring Ed Asner—even though he only plays a bit part in one scene!"

FINISHING LINES DEPT.

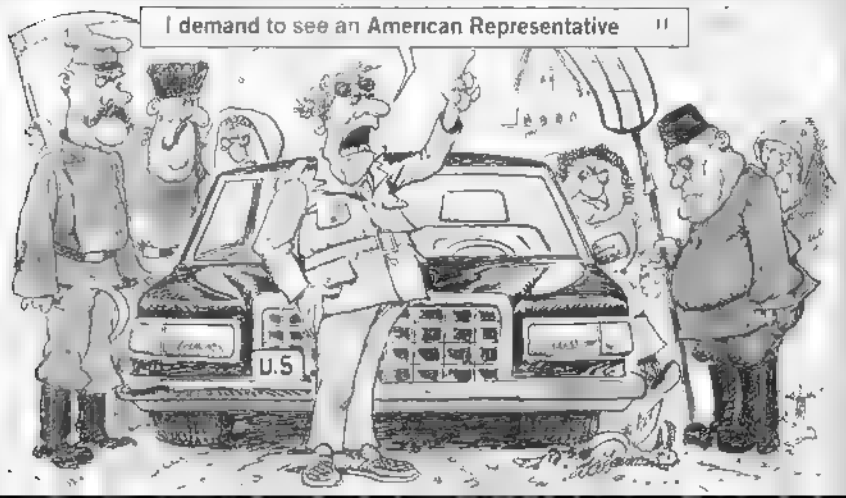
A MAD LOOK AT SOME... NOT-SO-FAM

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH



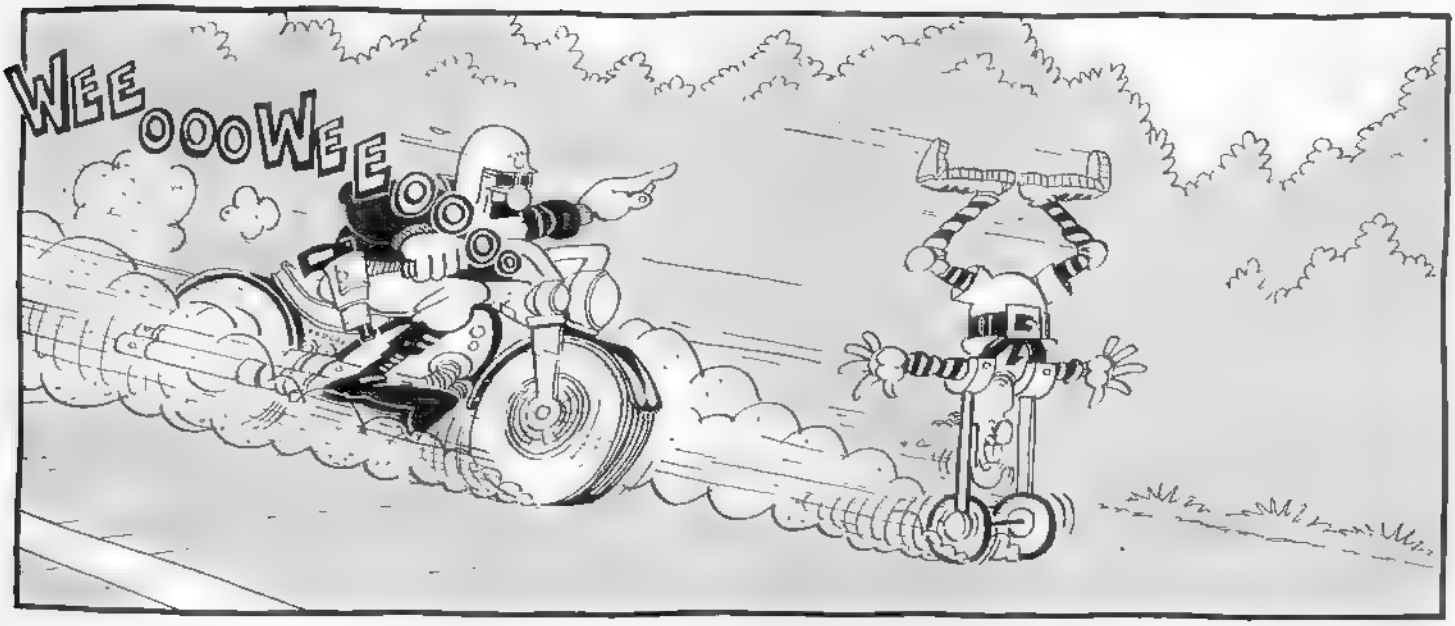
OUS LAST WORDS

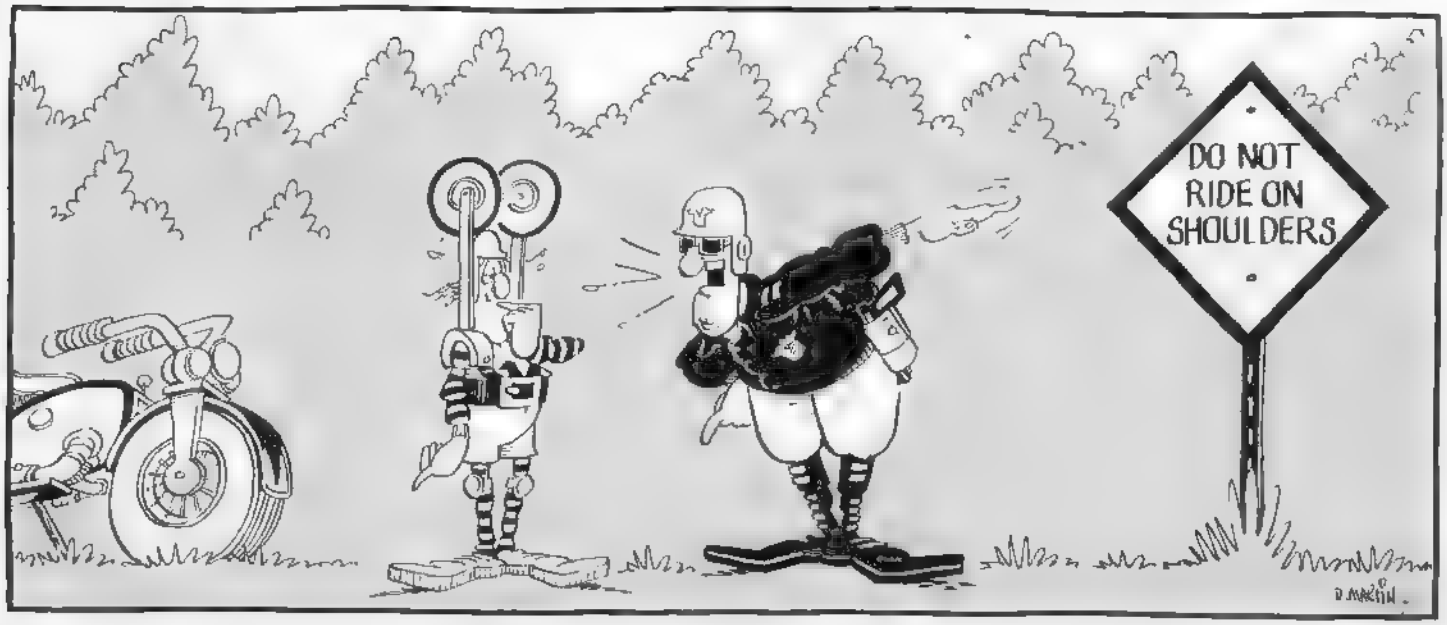
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



and from a double axle into a zitspin
Local authorities have warned us of the danger of coming into this area but we insisted on bringing you . . . live
Don't worry! I can smell a Cop a mile away!
T.V. SET
T.V. SET
Cool it! I've handled fire crackers since I was three years old!
Voodoo . . . schmoodoo! You believe in this crap?!?
Ahhh! Small craft warnings are for sissies!

LATE ONE AFTERNOON ON AN INTERSTATE HIGHWAY





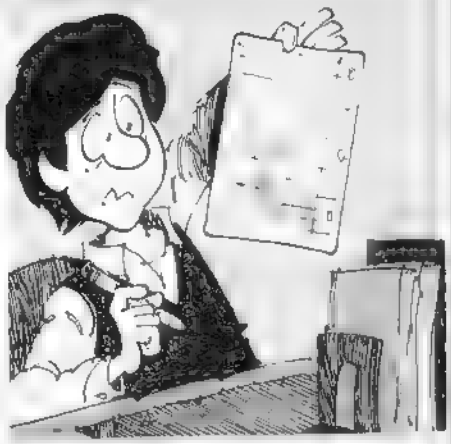
PAPER LYIN' DEPT.

A COLLECTION OF 18 MAD EXCUSES

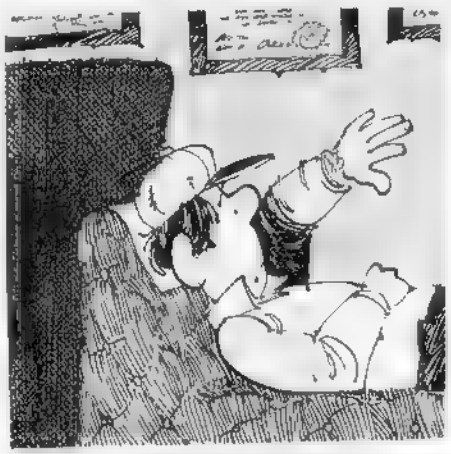
WHY DIDN'T YO

ARTIST: PAUL COKER

You were too depressed by the latest death of a famous Rock Star!

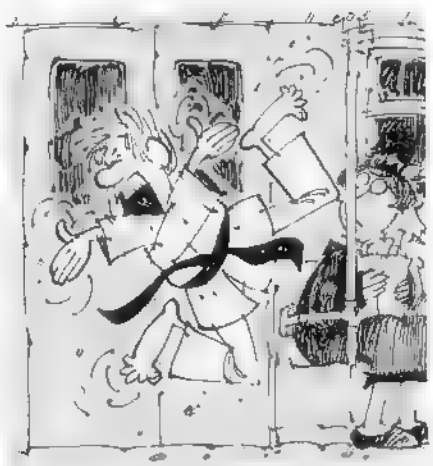


Your father used the last piece of loosleaf in the house as a "pooper scooper" when he walked the dog!



Your analyst was called away on an emergency, and you had to wait in his office the whole evening!

You had to register for the Draft! (Don't try this excuse if you go to an "All Girls' School" idiot!)



You were taking Karate lessons so you can ride in the subways again!

You made an evening appointment at a beauty shop for a Bo Derek cornrow hair-styling . . . and you didn't know how long it takes!

THAT TEACHERS JUST MIGHT BUY WHEN THEY ASK . . .

U DO YOUR HOMEWORK?

WRITER: JOHN FICARRA

On the way home from school yesterday, you were mugged, and they got all your books!

The battery in your pocket calculator went dead, and all the stores were closed!

You dozed off while meditating, and the next thing you knew, it was morning!

You were out all night, looking for your little Brother, who ran away from home again!

You had to attend your weekly Alcoholics Anonymous meeting!

The air pollution was so bad that your eyes kept tearing, and you couldn't read a thing!

It was your turn to wait in a gas line with the family car!

Last night was the concluding episode of a 22-part Educational TV Series, and you saw the first 21 parts!

You went into one of those "24-hour Banking Centers," and wound up getting locked in the place all night.

You had to be in Court to testify in the custody battle your parents are having over you and your brothers!

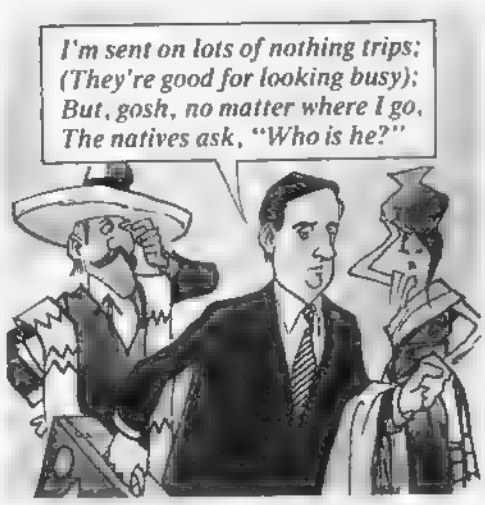
You have to work at night so that your family can afford to pay the home heating bills!

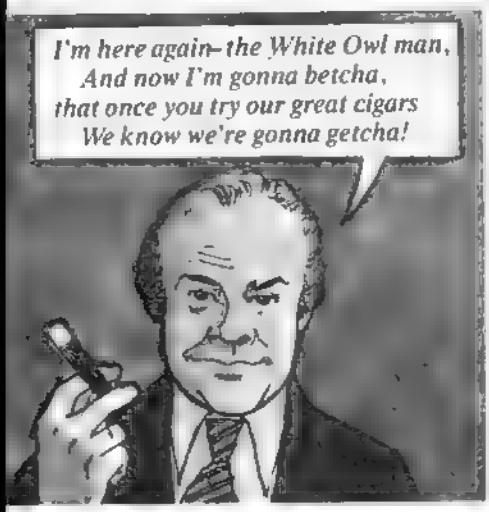
You look upon homework as an intrusion upon your "space"!

FROM AD TO VERSE DEPT.

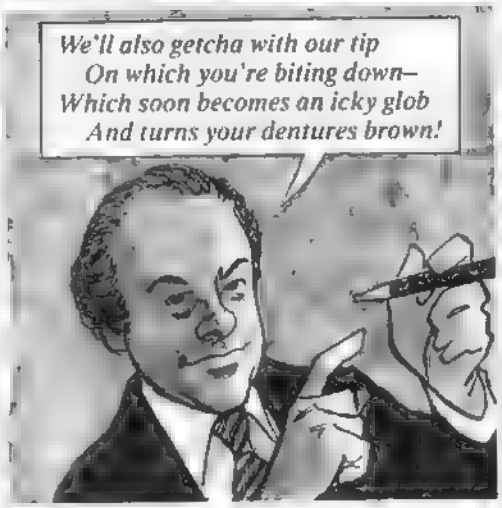
Ever since the old "Burma Shave" signs dotted our nation's highways, rhymes have helped sell products. As someone once said (quite possibly the writer of this article), "It's tough forgetting a rhyme, no matter how rotten it is!" Well, we think it's time Madison Avenue got back into "verse" again, and started filling newspapers, magazines, TV screens and billboard signs with something like these MAD examples of—

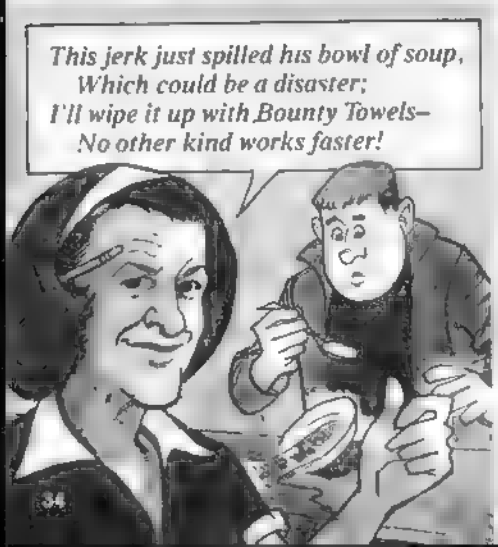
RHY

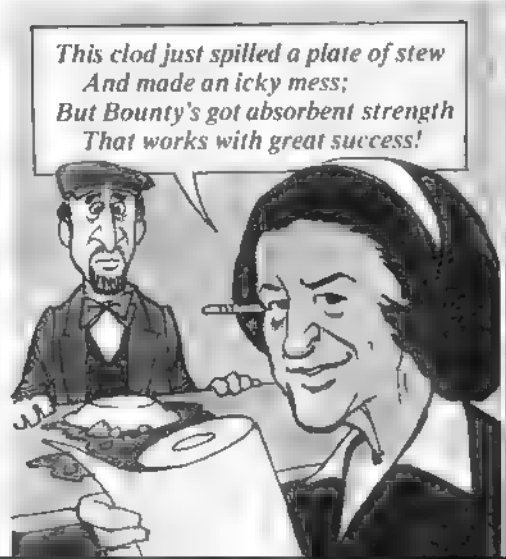




We'll getcha with that smoky smell
That lingers in your nose,
That stays for days in furniture
And gets inside your clothes!

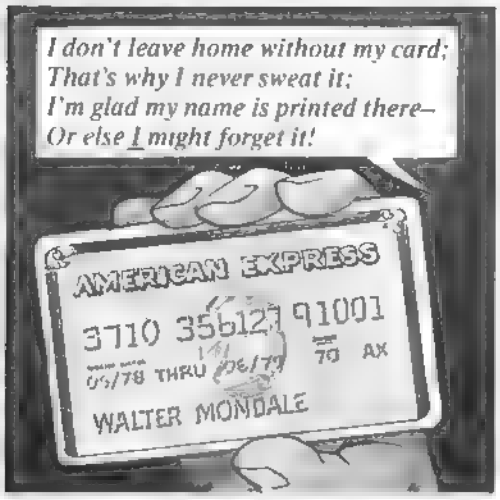



This jerk just spilled his bowl of soup,
Which could be a disaster;
I'll wipe it up with Bounty Towels–
No other kind works faster!


This clod just spilled a plate of stew
And made an icky mess;
But Bounty's got absorbent strength
That works with great success!

MING ADS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS


I don't leave home without my card;
That's why I never sweat it;
I'm glad my name is printed there–
Or else I might forget it!
AMERICAN EXPRESS
3710 356127 91001
WALTER MONDALE

Your life is depressing,
Devoid of all hope,
And you're facing misfortune
And find you can't cope,
And you know that you've come
To the end of your rope.

Yes, life's a disaster
With scarcely a thrill,
And it's loaded with trouble
And strictly uphill,
And if it doesn't crush you,
Our premiums will.

Allstate The Good Hands People

Endorsing cars from Hertz, I know
I'm running with the best;
I'd never let my name be used
With Avis or the rest;

For Hertz, you see, is Number One,
As anybody knows,
Which can't be said for any team
I've played for in the Pros!

Hertz Number One In Rent-A-Car

Long D stance is the next best thing
To being there - so give a ring!

It lets you talk with cousin Beth,
Whose rotten breath is worse than death!

To cousin Grace in Jacksonville,
Whose eggplant dinners make you ill

To brother Charlie in Des Moines,
Whose children kick you in the groin!

To Uncle Mark in Portland, Maine,
Whose handshakes make you wince with pain!

To Aunt Mathilda in Duluth,
Who makes you kiss your fat niece Ruth!

Long Distance is, we do declare,
The next best thing to being there;
In fact, from all that we can tell,
It beats a visit all to hell!

Bell System

At G-E, we are making lamps,
Refrigerators, roasters,
Plus ranges, air-conditioners,
And freezers, grills and toasters;
And when you overload your line
From all the volts each uses,
Don't worry when the lights go out—
We're also making fuses!

GE

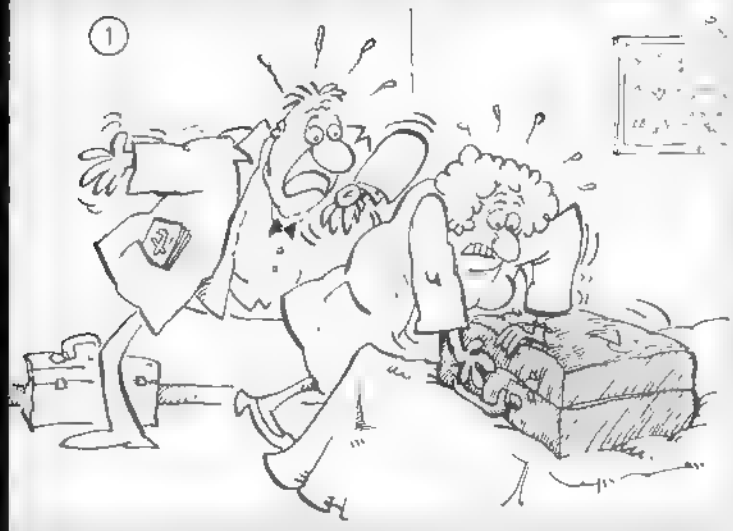
When a swimmer's close to dying,
And you're on your knees and trying
Hard to save her, even though there's not much hope–

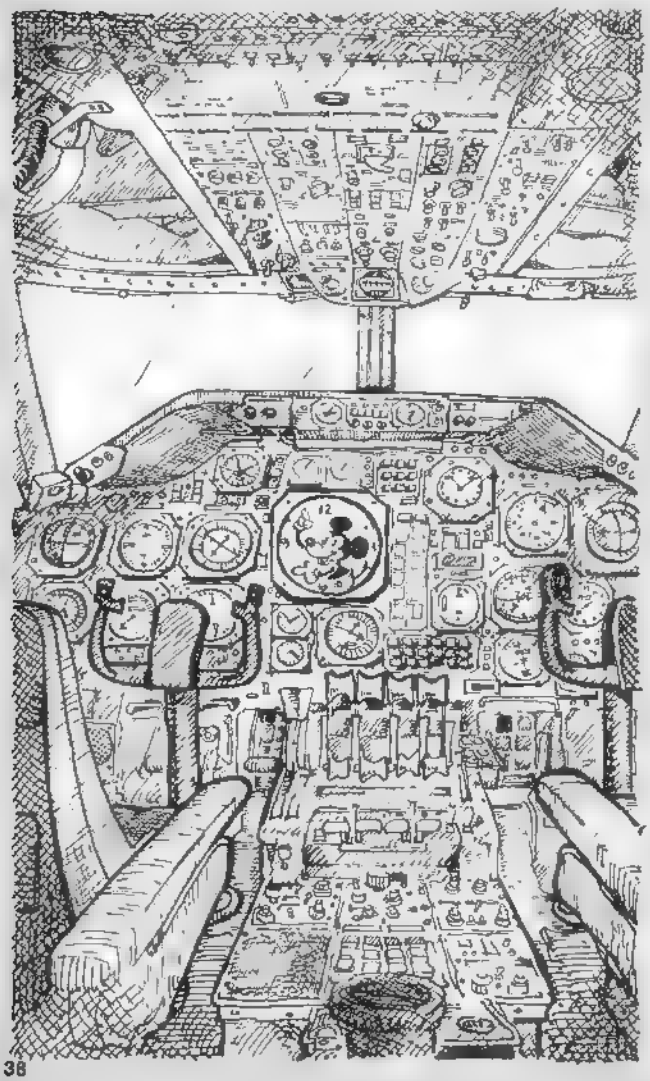
Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation
May revive her admiration,
But she'll love you if you gargled first with Scope!

...which brings us to that day not too far off when either by design or by accident we'll look down the road and see in the distance, this—the Ultimate Rhyming Ad—

WRONGING THE WRIGHT BROTHERS DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT... AIR TRA





VEL

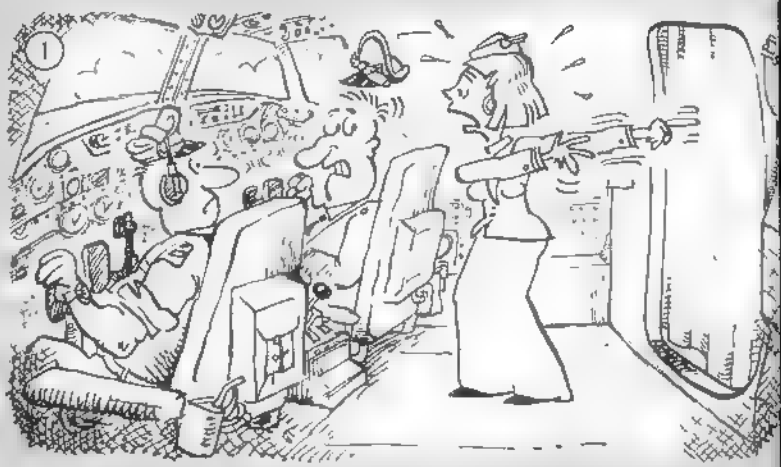
ARTIST & WRITER. SERGIO ARAGONES

1

2

LIFE BOAT

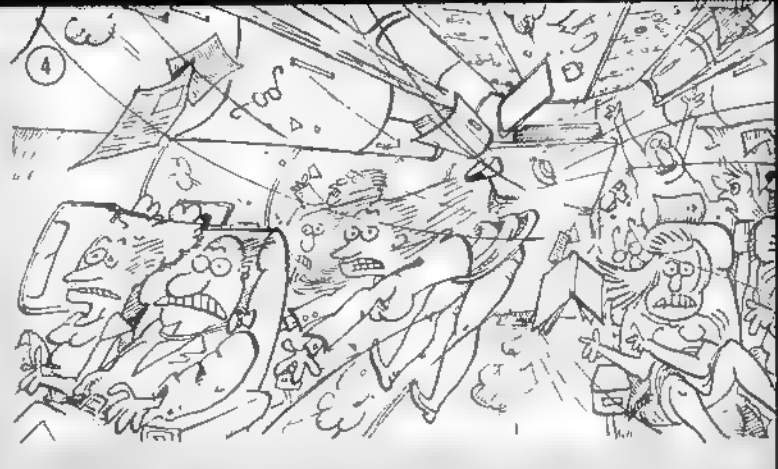
1
INSURANCE
THE INSURANCE CO.


1

IF YOU CAN READ THIS YOU ARE TOO CLOSE

1
LAVATORIES OCCUPIED

3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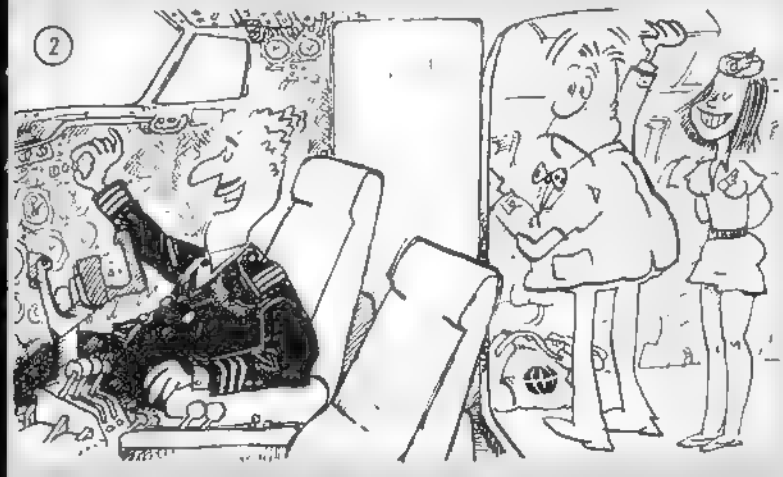
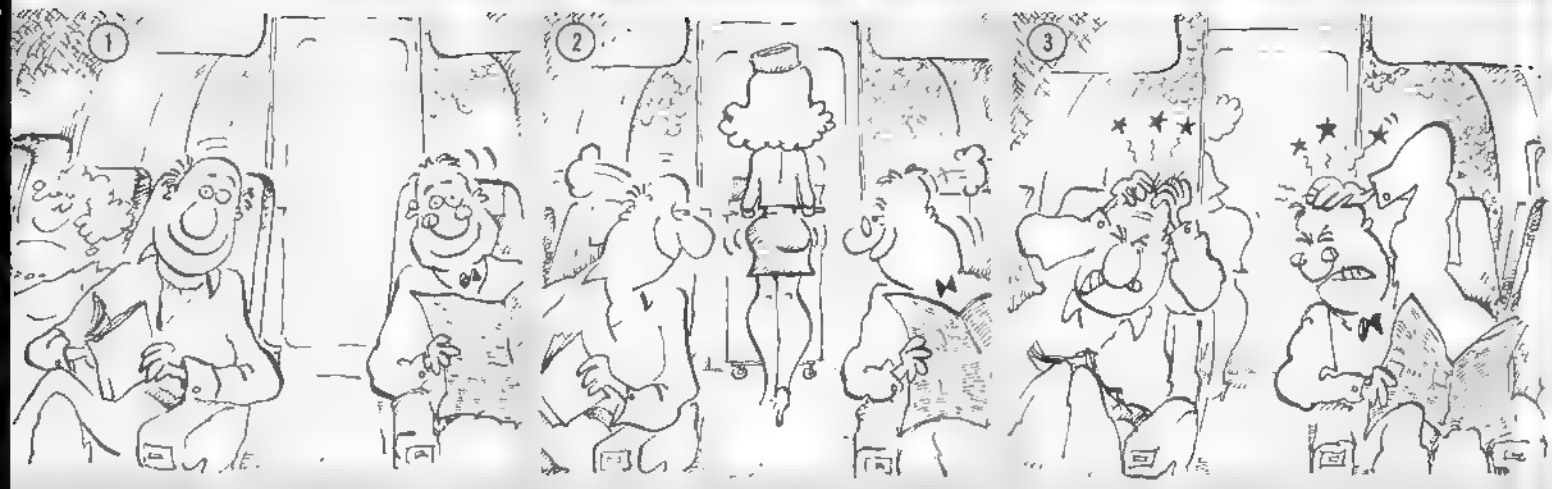

2

2

2
LAVATORIES
OCCUPIED

3

4
VACANT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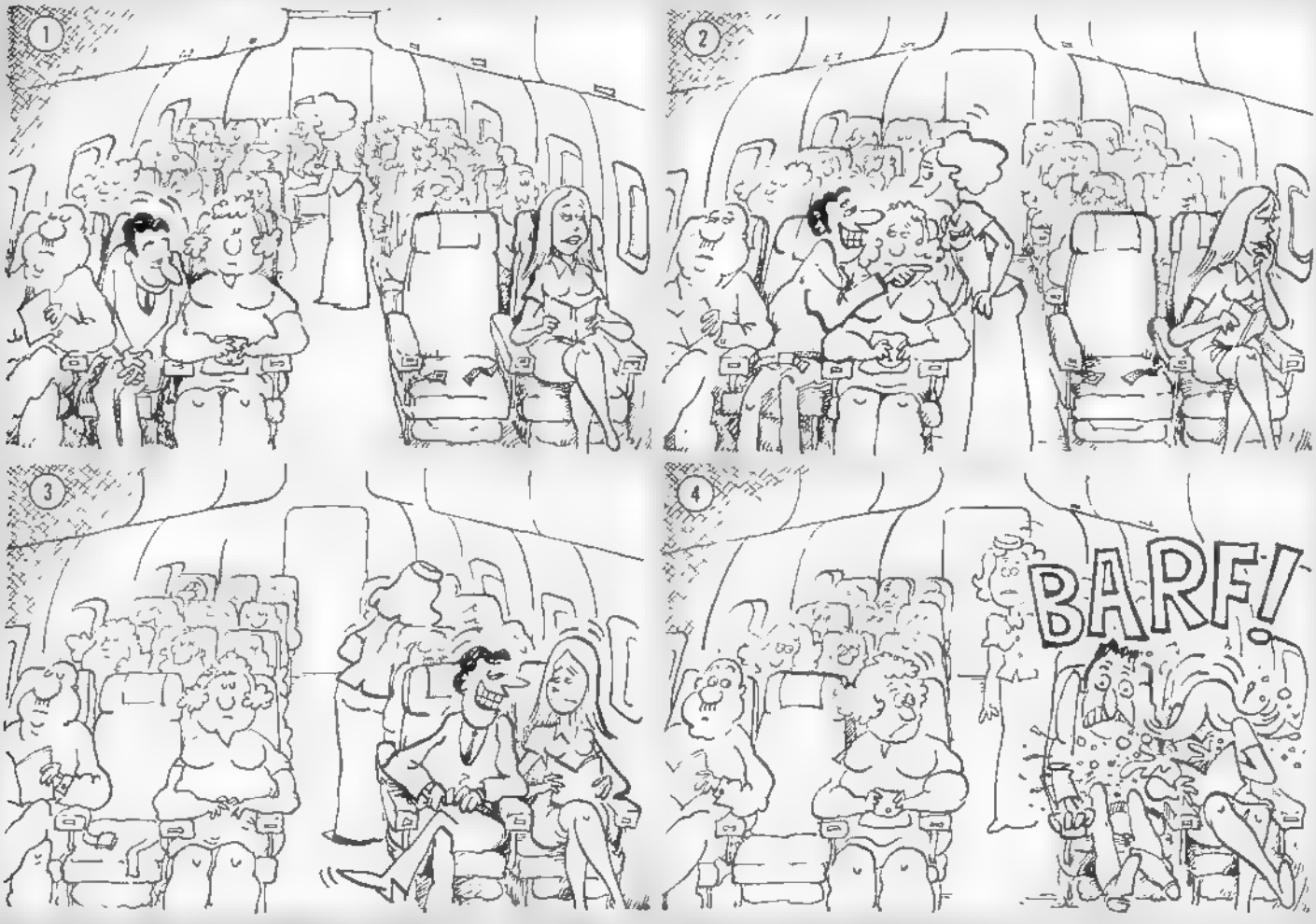

1
2
3
4
BARF!

LUGGAGE
FLIGHT
70

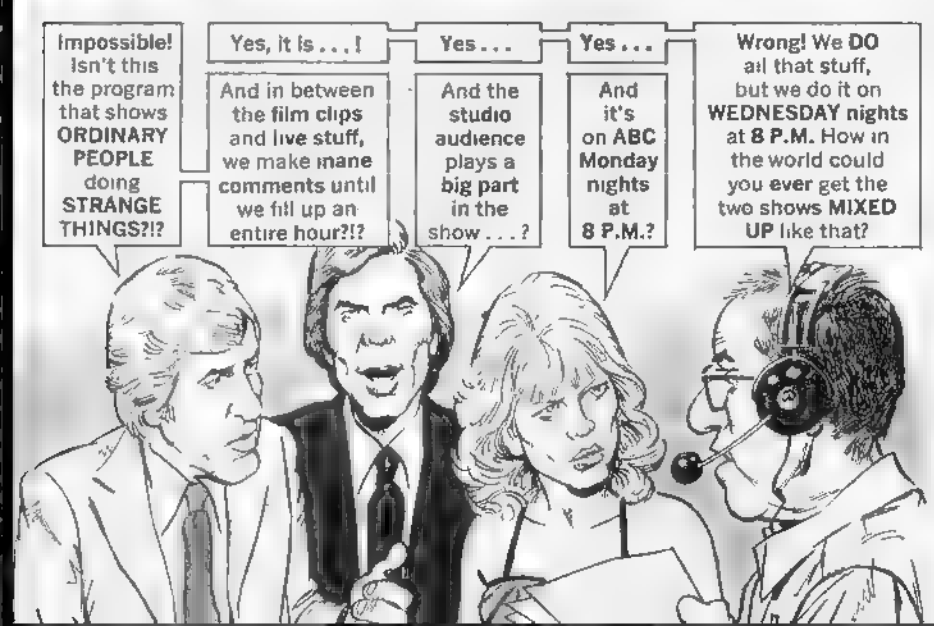
SICKY MINUTES DEPT.

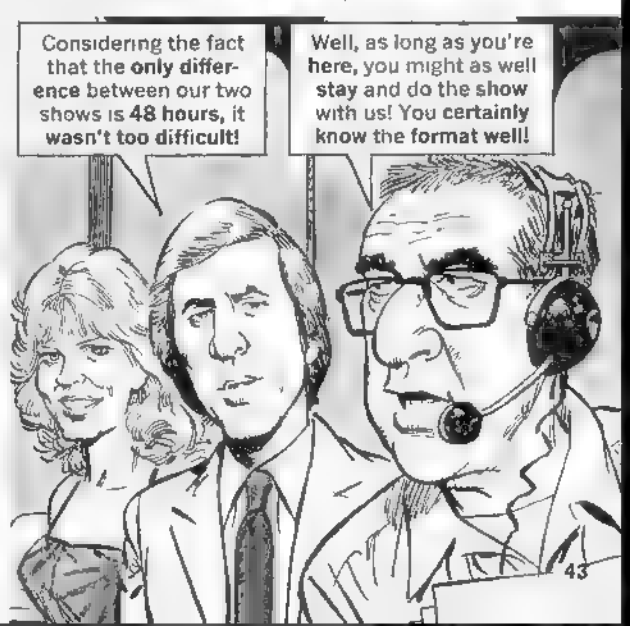
For years, TV Producers have worked with actors and actresses who were real amateurs. Then one day, a Producer got a brilliant idea: "Why not get some real amateurs to act like actors and actresses?" And "Real People" was born! Since it was such a big hit, it got ripped off real fast with "That's Incredible!" Now, we rip them *both* off with

THAT'S REAL INCREDIBLE, PEOPLE!

From California, live, and on tape, and on film, and on records, and on endlessly, it's "That's Real Incredible, People!" Tonight, you're going to see a man with no nose sneeze through his belly-button! What do you think of that, audience?
That's REAL DISGUSTING!!
You're supposed to say, "That's real incredible!"
There's nothing worse than a studio audience that can't be spontaneous in the way that we rehearsed them!!
And . . . in addition to our dumb audience, here is our dumb—er—delightful panel!
I'm Byron Alien! I feel like I don't belong here!!
I'm John Barber! Tonight again, we give decency a close shave!
I'm Sarah Parcel! I'm the SEXY part of this package!
I'm Skip Stepinson! I step in, son, with some bad jokes when things get serious!
I'm Fran Talkaton!
I'm John Davidumb!
And I'm Cathy Lee Boresme!
Hold it! Hold it! Excuse me . . . but I think you three are on the WRONG SHOW!!

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

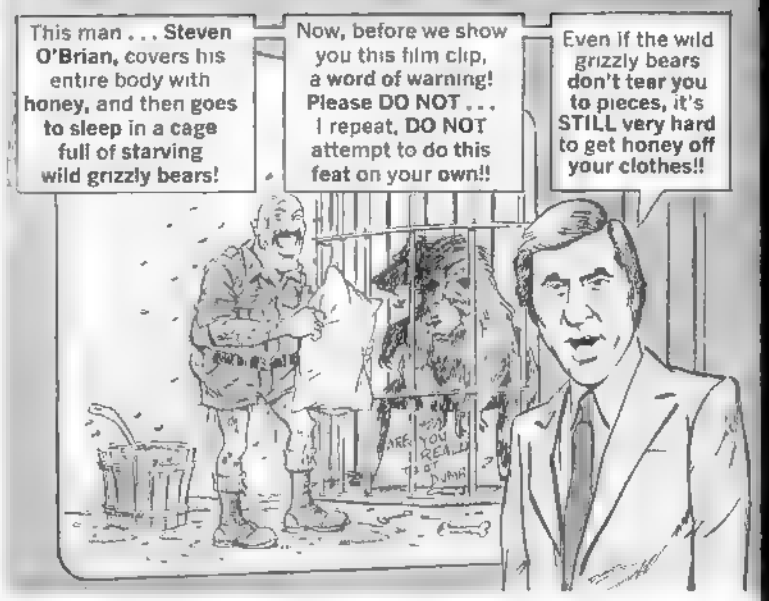

Impossible! Isn't this the program that shows ORDINARY PEOPLE doing STRANGE THINGS?!?
Yes, it is . . . !
And in between the film clips and live stuff, we make inane comments until we fill up an entire hour?!?
Yes . . .
And the studio audience plays a big part in the show . . . ?
Yes . . .
And it's on ABC Monday nights at 8 P.M.?
Wrong! We DO all that stuff, but we do it on WEDNESDAY nights at 8 P.M. How in the world could you ever get the two shows MIXED UP like that?

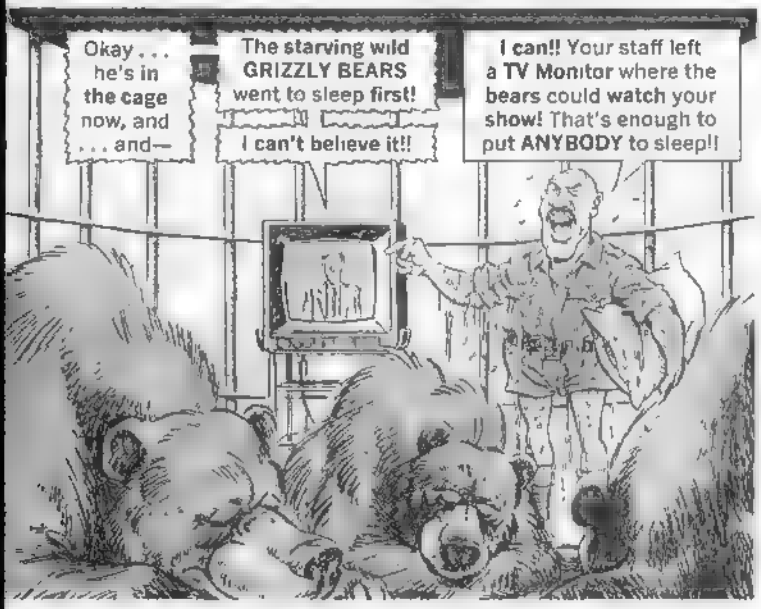

Considering the fact that the only difference between our two shows is 48 hours, it wasn't too difficult!
Well, as long as you're here, you might as well stay and do the show with us! You certainly know the format well!

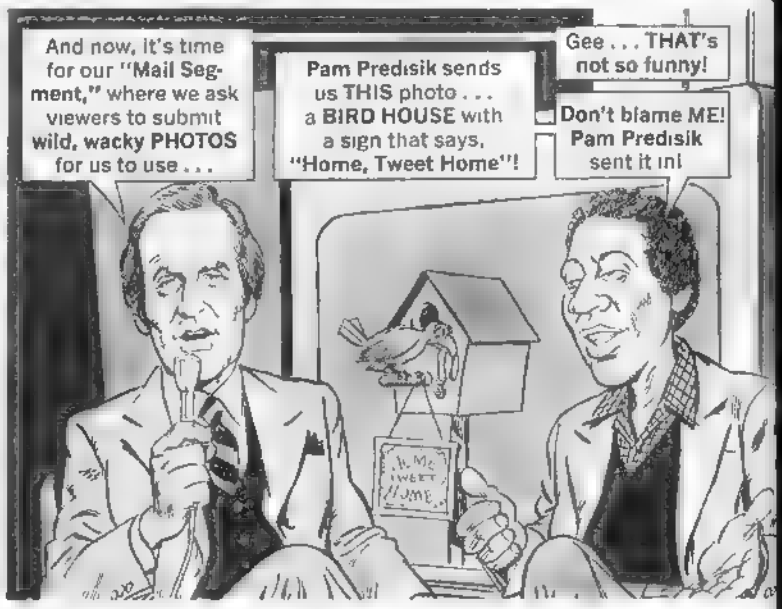
As usual, we'll start the show by turning our cameras on the people in our audience, and hear what they have to say! Sir, what's on YOUR mind??
I think Washington, D.C., should celebrate "Thanks-giving" EVERY Thursday!
Oh? WHY?
Because it MIGHT help cut down the number of TURKEYS in office!
That's very funny! Will you tell us your name, please?
No! It's bad enough I let you talk me into SAYING that dumb joke! I'm CERTAINLY not going to give you my NAME, TOO!
Can I make a very serious state-ment?
I hate to see amateurs try to take the place of real Professionals in Show Biz!
You do?! Then how come you depend on a studio audience every week to deliver jokes, reactions and lead-ins to the commercials?! Why don t you hire PROFESSIONALS?!
Of course!
Yay! I second the thought!!
WHAT? And make the rest of us look bad?!
FINSTER CESSPOOLS Inc.
And now it's time for some "T & A"! In case you don't know what "T & A" is, a really MILD way to put it is: "TITILLATION & AROUSAL"!
That's right! We just pretend we're talking about a normal run-of-the-mill story, and we use that as an excuse to show you film clips that other shows would NEVER get away with!
Remember those real neat film clips you saw when we looked at some "Womens Mud-Wrestling Teams"?? Well, tonight, we'll take a look at some "Girl Car-Washers"!
I visited the "Clean As A Whistle Car-Wash & Massage Parlor" here in Hollywood, and I found some energetic, resourceful and rather attractive young girls on the job!
All of the girls gave great wash, and they really put their HEARTS into their work!
WASH & MASSAGE
ENTER HERE
WASH WAX MASSAGE
F'rinstance, THIS girl has a really GREAT pair of hearts!
THANK YOU
Yep . . . when it comes to having your car stroked clean, these girls have a leg up on any of their competition!!
Did they do a good job for you, Skip?
Wonderful! Only it took a couple of hours!
But you were pleased??
I was thrilled! As a matter of fact, I was so thrilled, next time I go, I'll bring a car!

ONE WAY
NO EXIT
NO EXIT
Actually, this show is a little bit more ROWDY than the one WE work for! On our show, we go in for what we call MORE INTELLECTUAL spots!
For example, we heard from a lady who predicted that there would be an earthquake in her town precisely at 9:00 in the morning on Jan. 15th! So we sent a camera crew to be there at 9:00 A.M. on that day, but they arrived AN HOUR LATE!
. . . and it was just as well, because this is what our camera crew found!
There was no such address! Where the lady said her house was, was just a pile of debris!
In fact, the WHOLE TOWN was just a pile of debris! What a big disappointment! Of course, we would NEVER listen to HER again if she ever dared to call us back!
Also, on our show, we have a department called, "MODERN MEDICAL MIRACLES"!
Here's an example! See that man getting out of his car! That's the famous Dr. Timothy Cohen! He's going to the door, and ringing the bell!
Does he have some special vaccine or drug that he invented in that little black bag?
No . . . just his normal medical equipment!
So where does the "MODERN MEDICAL MIRACLE" come in?
Are you kidding?! This is 1981!! And you're witnessing a DOCTOR making a HOUSE CALL!
And now, what you're about to see will amaze, astound and shock you! Which is TV talk for "You may heave your cookies"! This blindfolded man is going to have a stake driven through his heart!
A steak? What's the matter with using a hot dog or a pork chop?!
Please! We NEVER use CHEAP HUMOR on our show! We ONLY rely on CHEAP THRILLS!!
THERE! One swift blow with a hammer and the deed is DONE!!
Our guest is doubled up on the floor in what looks like extreme pain! But in a moment, his incredible healing powers will take effect, and he'll recover as if it NEVER HAPPENED!
It ALREADY IS like it never happened! Because it DIDN'T! I'm the guy who says you can drive a stake through my heart!
THAT guy guesses playing cards blindfolded!
Hmm! We used the wrong man! What do you think of THAT, audience?
That's REAL DISGUSTING!
You mean . . . "That's REAL INCREDIBLE"!
That's REAL INCREDIBLY DISGUSTING!!

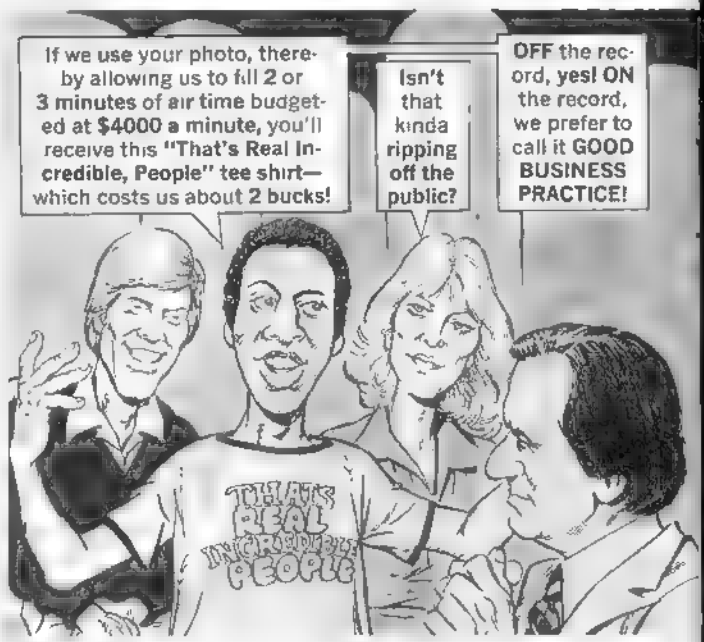
We go to the San Diego Zoo for this next one! It's about a man . . . and a grizzly bear!
I've SEEN a man bare, and it IS pretty grisly!
Please! I don't rely on BAD PUNS for MY audience appeal!
Oh?!? What DO you rely on . . . ?
Why . . . my personality!
You'd be a lot better off with BAD PUNS!

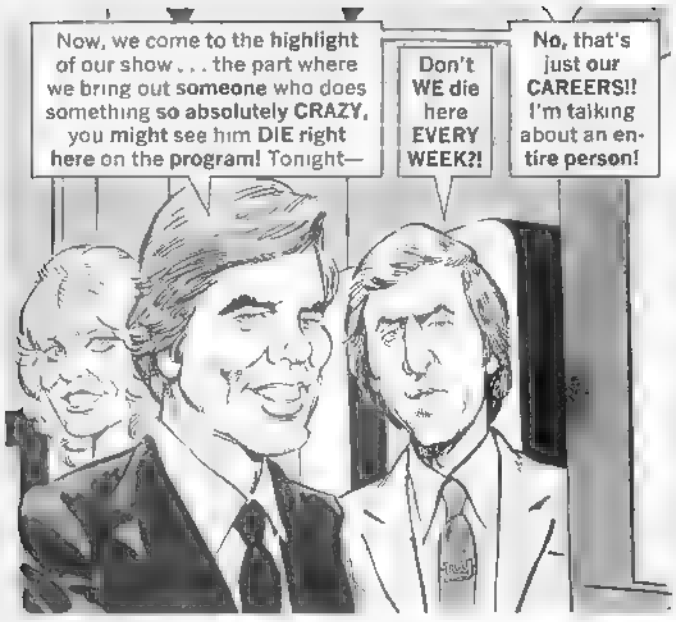

This man . . . Steven O'Brian, covers his entire body with honey, and then goes to sleep in a cage full of starving wild grizzly bears!
Now, before we show you this film clip, a word of warning! Please DO NOT . . . I repeat, DO NOT attempt to do this feat on your own!!
Even if the wild grizzly bears don't tear you to pieces, it's STILL very hard to get honey off your clothes!!

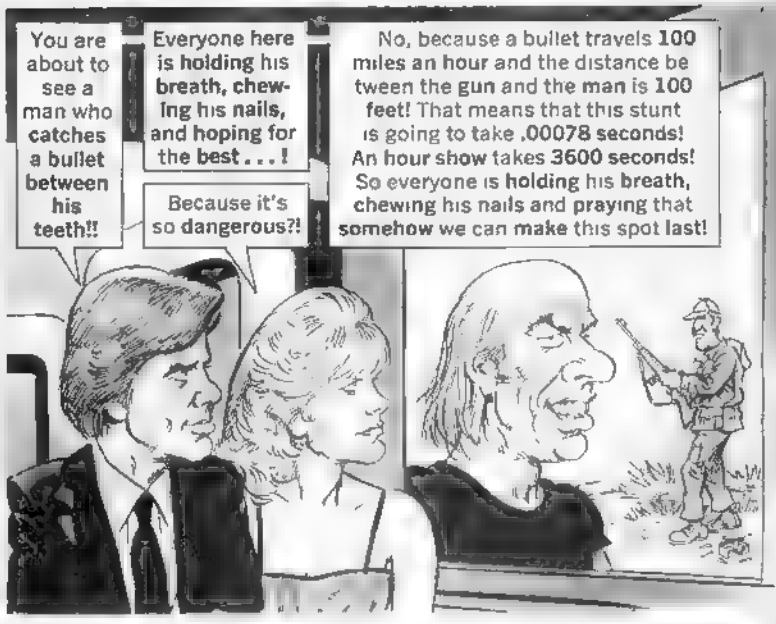

Okay . . . he's in the cage now, and . . . and—
The starving wild GRIZZLY BEARS went to sleep first!
I can't believe it!!
I can!! Your staff left a TV Monitor where the bears could watch your show! That's enough to put ANYBODY to sleep!!

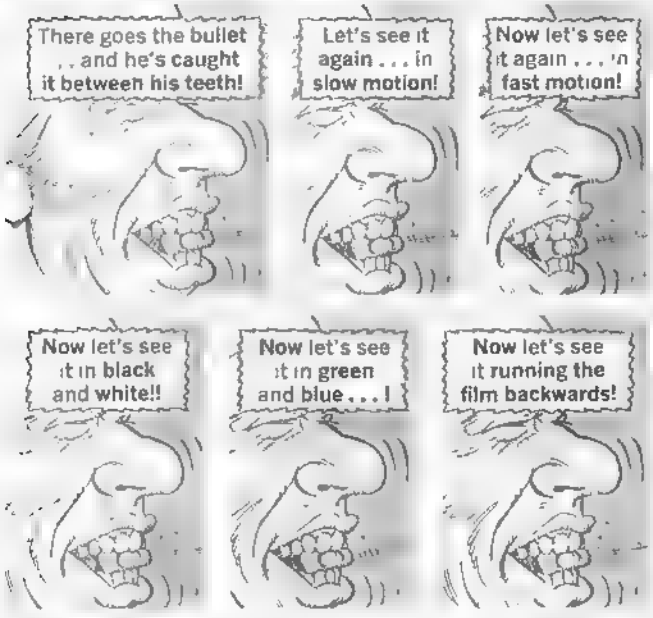

And now, it's time for our "Mail Segment," where we ask viewers to submit wild, wacky PHOTOS for us to use . . .
Pam Predisik sends us THIS photo . . . a BIRD HOUSE with a sign that says, "Home, Tweet Home"!
Gee . . . THAT's not so funny!
Don't blame ME! Pam Predisik sent it in!

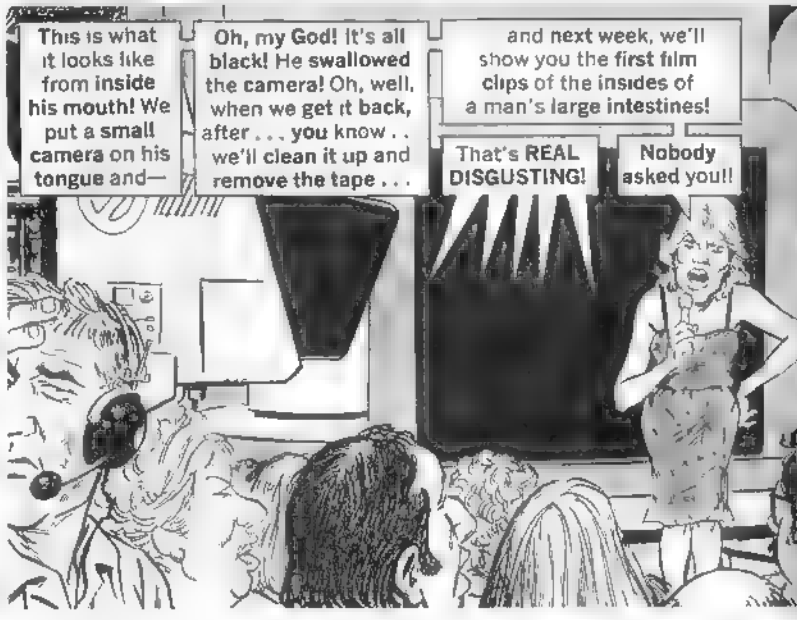
Mike Gargiulo sends us this clipping from the "Homes For Sale" section of his local newspaper . . .
"For Sale, four bedroom house, very close to beach! Features full basement and sunken living room"!!
That's no funnier than the picture PAM sent in!!
You're right! Hey, listen, folks! If you want US to ENTERTAIN you, you'd better start sending in some stronger material!


If we use your photo, thereby allowing us to fill 2 or 3 minutes of air time budgeted at $4000 a minute, you'll receive this "That's Real Incredible, People" tee shirt—which costs us about 2 bucks!
Isn't that kinda ripping off the public?
OFF the record, yes! ON the record, we prefer to call it GOOD BUSINESS PRACTICE!
THAT'S REAL INCREDIBLE PEOPLE


Now, we come to the highlight of our show . . . the part where we bring out someone who does something so absolutely CRAZY, you might see him DIE right here on the program! Tonight—
Don't WE die here EVERY WEEK?!
No, that's just our CAREERS!! I'm talking about an entire person!


You are about to see a man who catches a bullet between his teeth!!
Everyone here is holding his breath, chewing his nails, and hoping for the best . . . !
Because it's so dangerous?!
No, because a bullet travels 100 miles an hour and the distance between the gun and the man is 100 feet! That means that this stunt is going to take .00078 seconds! An hour show takes 3600 seconds! So everyone is holding his breath, chewing his nails and praying that somehow we can make this spot last!


There goes the bullet . . and he's caught it between his teeth!
Let's see it again . . . in slow motion!
Now let's see it again . . . in fast motion!
Now let's see it in black and white!!
Now let's see it in green and blue . . . !
Now let's see it running the film backwards!

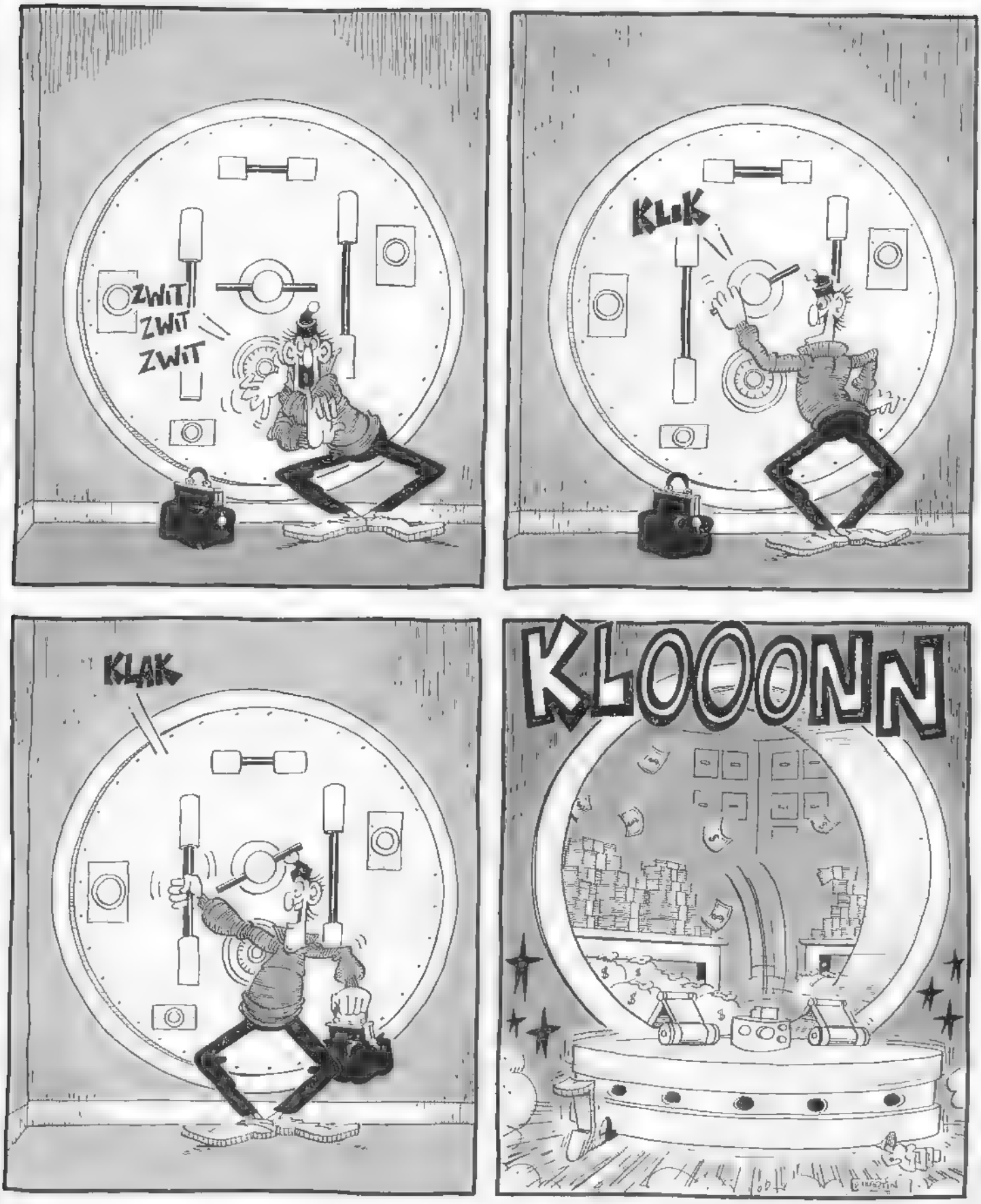

This is what it looks like from inside his mouth! We put a small camera on his tongue and—
Oh, my God! It's all black! He swallowed the camera! Oh, well, when we get it back, after . . . you know . . we'll clean it up and remove the tape . . .
and next week, we'll show you the first film clips of the insides of a man's large intestines!
That's REAL DISGUSTING!
Nobody asked you!!

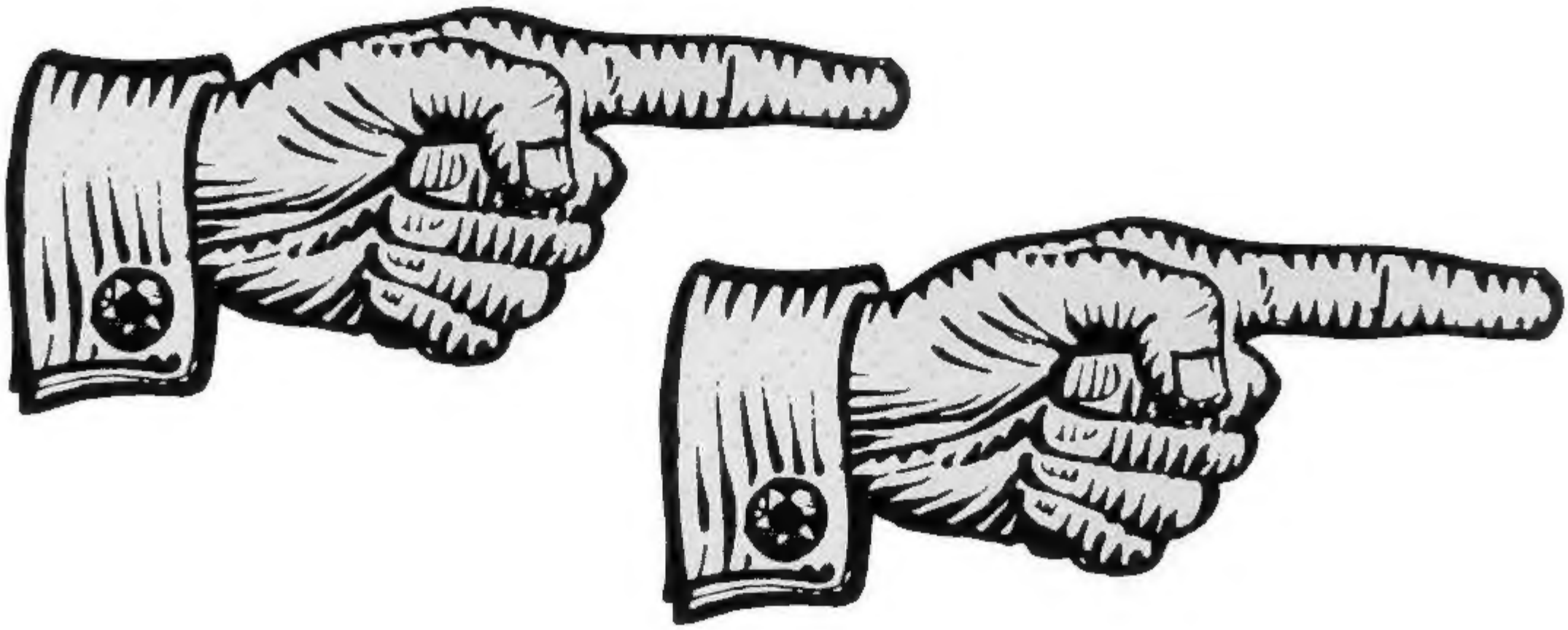
Well, that's our show for this week!
Next week, you're going to see two men play "chicken" using jet planes—hurtling at each other at 1200 miles an hour!!
But please don't try this stunt on your own! It could be dangerous!
Now . . . here's another dumb poem to close our show!

It seems we just got started, but here we are, all done! It would've gone much faster, if we had had some fun!
So if you know some weirdo, please call us, spend a dime! This really is "The Gong Show," it's just done in Prime Time!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

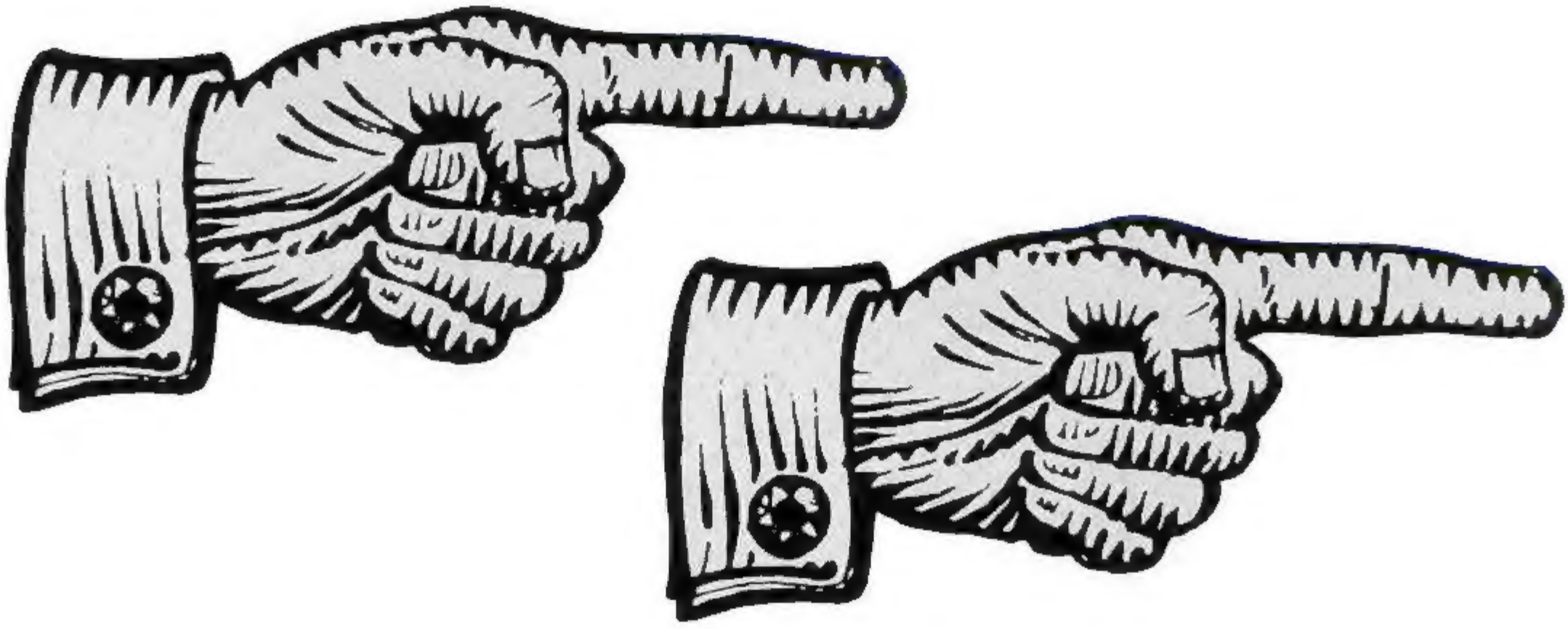
LATE ONE NIGHT IN A BANK





Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



A SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS "MOTHER GOOSE" FOLD-IN

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

Humpty Dumpty fends off some pretty stupid questions in this Mother Goose scene . . . but to get the FINAL SNAPPY ANSWER, you've got to fold in the page as shown at right!

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

DID YOU GET SCRATCHED AND HURT WHEN YOU FELL OFF THE WALL?

NO, I AM FULLY ASSEMBLED WHEN CRACKED IN TWO!

WILL YOUR EGO SUFFER FROM THIS AWFUL EXPERIENCE?

NO, A COUPLE OF BUSTED LEGS MAKE MY SPIRITS SOAR!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE PUT BACK TOGETHER AGAIN?

NO, I'M HAPPIER WHEN I'M SPREAD ALL OVER THE PLACE

GOODY! I JUST LOVE...

MOTHER GOOSE

©Jaffee

A B

A SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS "MOTHER GOOSE" FOLD-IN

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A↦B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

SCRAMBLED

EGGS

A↦B

Jaffee

MAD'S STORY-TELLING U.S. POSTAGE STAMPS

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(MASTERS)

(AND JOHNSON)

(STATE)

(HORNY)

(WRITERS)

(COOK)

(UP)

(WILD)

(BOOKS)

"MASTERS AND JOHNSON STATE HORNY WRITERS COOK UP WILD BOOKS!"